The Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XIX NO. 8 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1938 TEN CENTS A COPY

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Limestone, Corn, and Literature

The Indiana Scene and Its Interpreters

BY

RICHARD A. CORDELL

"The gradual emergence of a Hoosier 'type' provided endless subject matter for exploitation in the Local Color Age, but no great realist has risen in the state to utilize the native material" . . . (Mural by Thomas Benton for the Indiana exhibit at the Chicago Fair.)

GEORGE ADE tells the story of an Eastern writer who confided to his Hoosier Lyceum audience that he was well aware of Indiana's literary reputation and that he proposed to invite all the authors in the hall to sit on the platform during his lecture; whereupon there was a great commotion in the auditorium as the entire audience started toward the platform. For many years preceding the World War Indiana's reputation for extraordinary literary activity was merited. Literary societies were more common than luncheon clubs today. Collections of Indiana verse appeared with contributions by bankers, merchants, lawyers, editors, housewives, and school teachers, as well as by professional writers. Riley's birthplace at Greenfield and his last home, on Lockerbie Street in Indianapolis, Charles Major's home in Shelbyville, the Abe Martin country in Brown County, the Limberlost region, the Lew Wallace estate in Crawfordsville, the birthplace of William Vaughn Moody in Spencer, the elegant residences of Meredith Nicholson and Booth Tarkington in the state capital were gazed upon with uncovered head. And of the making of books by Hoosiers there was no end.

In 1820 Indiana University, the oldest state university west of the Alleghenies, was founded at Bloomington. (Not the first college in the state—Vincennes University had opened in 1810.) Here at Bloomington in a forest clearing in the wilderness, Latin and Greek, the sole curriculum for the first three years, were taught to a few dozen pioneer boys, who thrived on the strong fare and lived to become prominent in state affairs. After three years, higher mathematics was added to the curriculum—an interesting sidelight on the "practical" frontiersman and the American predilection for utilitarian education! Before the Civil War a few literary journals were started in the state, but the vigorous periodicals in Cincinnati claimed most Hoosier ante-bellum contributions. The connotation of ignorance and illiteracy attached to *Hoosier* is undeserved. In the late nineteenth century the percentage of illiteracy in Indiana was no greater than in Massachusetts, less than in New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Until a generation ago there was in Indiana a wholesale respect for learning and writing, but in recent years the love of learning has yielded to the canny interest in "education" general today. The average Hoosier is proud of his expensive school plants, and more boastful of the state's highway system (Yes, sir, the world's finest and every inch paid for) than of such a vaporish, intangible asset as a literary tradition. Nevertheless the tradition has not entirely disappeared. Babbitt's patronizing tolerance of only the *successful* writer labels him as a leading citizen of Zenith, not of Indianapolis, for in Indiana there is perhaps less stigma attached to authorship than in most states.

Some of the veneration accorded the writer in Indiana, however, results from his success in making literature "pay." During the forty years preceding the World War an astonishing proportion of the nation's best sellers came from Indiana pens. In 1873 appeared "The Fair God," by General Lew Wallace, and the spate of romantic, popular novels began. "Ben Hur," the sales of which in its copyright edition probably exceeded those of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was translated into almost all the European and several of the Asiatic languages. Over a long period of years the total sales of the tender novels of Gene Stratton-Porter surpassed those of any other living writer. When we remember "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," "When Knighthood Was in Flower," "The Turmoil," "Penrod," "The Yoke," "Saul of Tarsus," the Ridpath histories, "The House of a Thousand Candles," "The Little Colonel" series, "Graustark," "Alice of Old Vincennes," "Freckles," "The Harvester," "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," and recall that only Longfellow was a more "successful" poet than James Whitcomb Riley, we do not wonder that literature once took place alongside corn and limestone as a major native product.

It is not easy to account for the quantity of Indiana writing. Certainly there have been no "schools," no "movements," no such synthetic centers as Greenwich Village or Santa Fé. The sturdy English and Scotch-Irish who settled southern and central Indiana were typical pioneers with economic rather than artistic interests; later the Germans brought to the state a love of music—along with scientific notions of agriculture—but no literary impulse. Encouragement, however, came from several sources. The proximity of Cincinnati and Lexington as early publishing centers attracted contributions to its periodicals—bales of limpid, Keatsy verses or such declamation pieces as Sarah T. Bolton's "Paddle Your Own Canoe." The great experiment in socialism at New Harmony in the 1820's drew a number of eminent European scholars and scientists to the community, many of whom remained (including several members of the Owen family) and strengthened the intellectual sinew of the state. The early free education, the superior quality of the state school system, the founding of Asbury (later De Pauw), Vincennes, Indiana, Hanover, Wabash, Valparaiso, Earlham, and Evansville colleges before the Civil War, had at least an influence on reading habits. The presence of a large publishing house in Indianapolis, the Bobbs-Merrill Co., has not, of course, been without influence. The consciousness of local language peculiarities and of the gradual emergence of a Hoosier "type" provided endless subject matter

Next Week

THE LETTERS OF CHARLES DICKENS
Edited by WALTER DEXTER
Reviewed by Stephen Leacock

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
By BLAIR BOLLES

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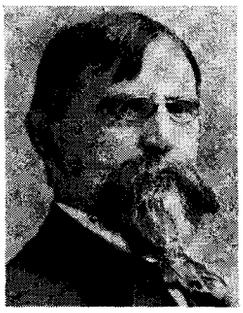
for exploitation in the Local Color Age, but no great realist has risen in the state to utilize the native material; perhaps the real Hoosier is most authentically, if obliquely, revealed in satire—in the biting sentence-etchings of Kin Hubbard, and the rollicking portraits in George Ade's early "Fables in Slang."



Lew Wallace

To be sure, Edward Eggleston in "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" (published in *La Revue des Deux Mondes* as "Le Maitre d'École de Flat Creek"), "The Circuit Rider," and "Roxy" wrote of Indiana farmers, preachers, politicians, schoolmasters. In the preface to "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" he says:

> It has been in my mind since I was a Hoosier boy to do something toward describing life in the back-country districts of the Western states. It used to be a matter of no little jealousy with us, I remember, that the manners, customs, thoughts, and feelings of New England country people filled so large a place in books, while our own life, not less interesting, not less romantic, and certainly not less filled with humorous and grotesque material, had no place in literature. It was as though we were cut out of good society.

Eggleston was a Methodist preacher who shied at the word "novel" and, to ease his conscience, labeled his stories "histories"; but the heavy hand of Dickens as well as that of Bret Harte is apparent in the emphasis on mere eccentricity and the picturesque, and in the exaggeration and caricature. James Whitcomb Riley reports the uneducated Hoosier's bad grammar rather than his dialect, and he idealizes country life—Riley never lived on a farm and, unlike Hamlin Garland, had no experience with its backbreaking toil. He will always be remembered for a few pieces like "Little Orphant Annie" and "The Raggedy Man," which have passed into folklore, but it is unlikely that school children in Glasgow and Dumfries will ever read Riley (with glossary) as children in Indianapolis and Greenfield read Burns. The Indiana poet was a skilled platform performer who used to advantage his astute understanding of audiences acquired in his medicine show days. This writer remembers hearing Riley recite on various occasions "Old Aunt Mary's," and always in the middle of the last stanza, as if in response to a signal, there would be a great flutter of handkerchiefs and a general dabbing at eyes and noses. The two novelists who might have interpreted native scene and character with veracity, Booth Tarkington and Theodore Dreiser, have failed to do so. Booth Tarkington, whom Carl Van Doren calls, with some justification, the perennial sophomore of the contemporary American novel, has rarely risen above popular wish-fulfillment fiction, to which he has brought humor and some elegance of style. Dreiser has chosen Chicago, New York, and other large cities as the milieu of most of his stories. Even the fantastic Indiana of the 1920's, Klan-ridden and dominated by the Anti-Saloon League, failed to provoke a satiric portrait.

George Ade in 1904

How inclusive is the term "Indiana Literature"? Should it include those writers who were born in Indiana and who have done distinguished work in fields other than belles lettres? There are, for instance, Claude Bowers, biographer of Revolutionary statesmen; Charles and Mary Beard, who with James Truslow Adams have rescued American history from its musty position as a school "subject" and have made it an exciting, epic adventure; Howard Brubaker, whose column of biting political comment in *The New Yorker* is almost the brightest department of that periodical; Albert Edward Wiggam, popularizer of anthropology; Robert S. Lynd, who put Middletown under the microscope and showed us America; Bruce Rogers, world's foremost typographer and designer of beautiful books; Albert J. Beveridge, historian and biographer. It should scarcely include such one-time residents as David Starr Jordan, Ring Lardner, and George Washington Cable—not to mention Abraham Lincoln. Perhaps Indiana can safely claim such a newcomer as Bertita Harding, widely read author of historical novels.

James Whitcomb Riley (Portrait by Sargent)

If Theodore Dreiser is to be classified as an Indiana writer, the circle must be drawn rather large. Although born and educated in Indiana, he did no writing until he had left the state. George Jean Nathan was born in Fort Wayne, William Vaughn Moody in Spencer, Edwin Meade Robinson in Lima, David Graham Phillips in Madison, E. W. Howe in Treaty, John Hay in Salem, Joaquin Miller near Union City, George Barr McCutcheon in Lafayette, Elmer Davis in Aurora: like other Mid-west and Western states Indiana has a long list of notable sons who have elected to live and write elsewhere. Once when some one was exclaiming over the number of great men who had come from Indiana, George Ade answered wryly that the greater they were, the faster they came. Above all the expatriates towers Dreiser, a pioneer disciple of European naturalism in America, and as a pioneer the victim of the first charge of critical assault nearly forty years ago when American criticism was still largely in the hands of idealists and sentimentalists. Dreiser has never been popular in his home state, and his plain speaking in "A Hoosier Holiday," "Dawn," and other autobiographical books gravels the local patrioteers. Although without honor in his own country, Theodore Dreiser is undoubtedly the greatest writer to come out of Indiana. "Sister Carrie," "Jennie Gerhardt," "An American Tragedy," and the Cowperwood novels grow in stature as the years pass, and take a proud position alongside the somber masterpieces of European naturalism of the past fifty years. It has become a tradition for critics to speak patronizingly of Dreiser's clumsy, tortured style; the same critics often drool with ecstasy when confronted by the dazzling lucidity of James Joyce, e. e. cummings, or Marianne Moore.

Dreiser's brother, Paul Dresser, however, is highly honored in Terre Haute, largely because of the song "On the Banks of the Wabash," most of which as a matter of fact Dreiser himself wrote, as we learn in "Twelve Men." Brother Paul was the writer of such maudlin ballads as "The Blue and the Gray," "Just Tell Them That You Saw Me," "The Pardon That Came Too Late," etc. Among the other emigrants William Vaughn Moody is the most notable; next to E. A. Robinson he is perhaps America's most distinguished poet in the interval between Whitman and Frost. His poems of social protest such as "Gloucester Moors" and "The Brute" and his anti-imperialistic "Ode in Time of Hesitation" and "To a Soldier Fallen in the Philippines" are not the timid, feeble mumble of objection which Granville Hicks declares them to be, but manly, forthright protest against economic injustice and a parlous foreign policy. John Hay's "Pike County Ballads" deal with a type found farther west, but Hay could have detected certain charac-

Booth Tarkington

(*Continued on page* 14)

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; George Stevens, Vice-President; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $3.50 a year, Canada $4. Vol. XIX, No. 8, December 17, 1938. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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The Way to Wimpole Street

THE FAMILY OF THE BARRETT: A Colonial Romance. By Jeannette Marks. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1938. $5.

Reviewed by WILLIAM CLYDE DEVANE

IN the records of the Barrett family, Miss Jeannette Marks has discovered and worked a mine of great interest. For more than two centuries the great clan were owners of vast plantations in the Northside of Jamaica. Miss Marks's story begins with the arrival of Lieutenant Barrett with the expedition sent to wrest the island from Spanish control in 1655, and ends with her own researches in Jamaica in the present decade. In her tale three Barretts are given special emphasis: Edward Barrett (1734-98) of Cinnamon Hill, Jamaica, the great builder of the family fortunes; Edward Moulton Barrett (1785-1857) of Cinnamon Hill and of Hope End in England, under whom the fortunes of the family slowly declined; and his daughter, Elizabeth Barrett Browning (1806-61) the poetess, of Wimpole Street, London. The whole is a moving story of pioneering, slave-trading, plantation-building, and family aggrandizement, ending in the inevitable disintegration; but the slow movement of time is punctuated by marriages, births, miscegenations, earthquakes, hurricanes, fires, slave-insurrections, slave-emancipation, religious revivals, and murder. The greatest of the Barretts was Edward, who lived all his days in Jamaica, and made his home at Cinnamon Hill the center of vast holdings in land and slaves. He became the patriarch of the family, and for good in a lesser degree for evil he impressed his strong conceptions upon the clan.

The true center of Miss Marks's book is Edward Moulton Barrett, the father of Elizabeth. Anyone who knew anything of the Barretts knew that the play, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," had maligned this character. The playwright merely took a short cut, and explained the monster he had created by a formula that found too easy acceptance in a post-Freudian, sex-conscious audience. By showing the full background of the Barretts in Jamaica, Miss Marks thoroughly exhibits that that monster was not Edward Moulton Barrett. His opposition to the marriage of his children was a monomania for family solidarity, induced by the too heavy responsibility he had inherited of preserving the family and the family fortunes. The terrible losses the family suffered in the thirties and forties combined with his strong evangelical conceptions to make him a patriarch of the Old Testament kind, defending the remnants of his people from disaster.

His feeling of outrage at the elopement of his daughter, Elizabeth, was not altogether mad: he probably knew better than any, save the physicians, the true nature of her illness and the extent of her dependence upon opium, as well as his own deep reliance upon her to keep the family steady. His refusal to countenance the marriages of his other children, Alfred and Henrietta, was partly based on the sound objection that each had chosen a near relation for his partner, and the Barretts had seen the evil of that already in Jamaica. It is perhaps the finest achievement of Miss Marks's book that she makes the conduct of Edward Barrett explicable, if not quite sane, for the first time.

In reconstructing the background of the Barretts, Miss Marks goes a long way towards explaining the peculiar nature of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Her analysis here is penetrating, just, and sympathetic, without being sentimental. Much new light is shed upon Mrs. Browning's poetry and upon her somewhat hysterical espousal of this and that new cause. Miss Marks brings the same scrutiny to bear upon Robert Browning, and shows better than has been shown before the intelligence and patience with which Browning met his problem in his marriage with Miss Barrett. It is all the more surprising, therefore, that Miss Marks should revive that old canard that Furnivall foisted upon the world fifty years ago, that Browning had a strain of Negro blood in him. Furnivall's chief evidence for his "certainty" was that Browning had a sallow complexion and that Browning's grandmother had come from St. Christopher's in the West Indies. For all her delving in the records of the Tittle family, a family of the lower middle class in its beginnings in the West Indies, I do not see that Miss Marks has made the wild charge any more probable. The only additional evidence that Miss Marks brings to bear is that John Tittle, a litigious parson and planter and the father of Browning's grandmother, was not in the favor of his family. Miss Marks is too excited at the sensational to look at the facts coolly.

If we must grant Miss Marks the rights of treasure trove in the matter of the Barretts, it does not mean that we must approve altogether what she has done with her materials. The first part of her book is unnecessarily hard reading. It is full of numerous, if colorful, irrelevancies; names and pronouns are flung about when the reader has nothing to relate them to. It is only fair to add that when the narrative narrows to Edward Moulton Barrett the style is better and the irrelevancies fewer.

Edward Moulton Barrett: "his feeling of outrage . . . was not altogether mad" . . .

Vandamm

Brian Aherne and Katharine Cornell as Browning and Elizabeth in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." "The playwright merely took a short cut" . . .

William C. DeVane, formerly head of the department of English at Cornell, becomes Dean of Yale College in January.

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Putting America on Record

PHOTOGRAPHY AND THE AMERICAN SCENE. A Social History, 1839-1889. By Robert Taft. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1938. $10.

WALKER EVANS—AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHS. With an essay by Lincoln Kirstein. New York: Museum of Modern Art. 1938. $2.50.

U. S. CAMERA ANNUAL 1939. *Judged by Edward Steichen, edited by T. J. Maloney. New York: William Morrow & Co.* 1938. $2.90.

Reviewed by PARE LORENTZ

THOSE of you who have driven your friends silly by cluttering their drawing rooms with flash bulbs and reflectors, and who have kept your children waiting while you ruined their bathtub with smelly chemicals developing your Leica rolls—to those paranoiacs I can only recommend that you spend $15.40 and buy the three books herein reviewed.

During the past few years it has been my privilege to work with some of the best photographers of the country; in still work, with Dorothea Lange (who is the best documentary photographer in the land), Arthur Rothstein, and Ed Locke; in movies, with Ralph Steiner, Stacy Woodard, and Floyd Crosby. Nevertheless, I must confess to any man who ever used a Brownie, that I do not know one end of a camera from another, and that all photographers, amateur and professional, practise a craft which will always remain a mystery to me. How these conscientious and enthusiastic professionals have managed to get light and shadow on film, is a miracle I never hope to understand. Their books, however, besides being about still photography, attempt to prove the social significance of photography; it is this theme I shall interpret.

Professor Taft incorrectly subtitles his work: "A Social History, 1839-1889," a paradoxical proclamation in that if photography ever had anything to do with American history, it certainly did not during the Civil War and Reconstruction days. One has only to turn to Burlingame's "The March of the Iron Men," or Neuberger's "Our Promised Land," for complete refutation of Professor Taft's argument that photographers had any influence on the Westward urge or the Oregon country. So few photographs were taken of the West, and so few media reproduced them, that it is not only feeble but silly to credit the experimenters with having in any way affected the determined land-seekers who pushed on until they hit the Pacific Ocean. Nevertheless, though Professor Taft may not have written what he supposed he was writing, he has set down for all time a thorough, pleasant, and immensely valuable record of the development of photography in the U. S. Moreover, his book makes good general reading; even for those who may strive vainly to recall half-forgotten chemical formulae, and puzzle over the earlier chapters on daguerreotypes, ambrotypes, tintypes, and plumeotypes, the book for the most part is amusing and interesting. While "Photography and the American Scene" is an encyclopedia of the craft, it is more than that: it is, if not a history of the nation, a social history of the photographer from the days of the elegant parlors to Brady's history-making war work.

Lincoln Kirstein and the Museum of Modern Art might well take Edward Steichen's comment on documentary photography from "U. S. Camera Annual" and revise their Walker Evans collection. According to Mr. Kirstein's essay, Walker Evans's work has "intention, continuity, climax, sense, and perfection . . . the wave-length of his vision is exactly equalled by the radiation of the images which attract and repel it."

Mr. Kirstein continues:

> In the swampy margins of the half-arts, the wallowing of painter-photographer, and photographer-painter, has spawned probably the most odious and humorous objects in the lexicon of our disdain.

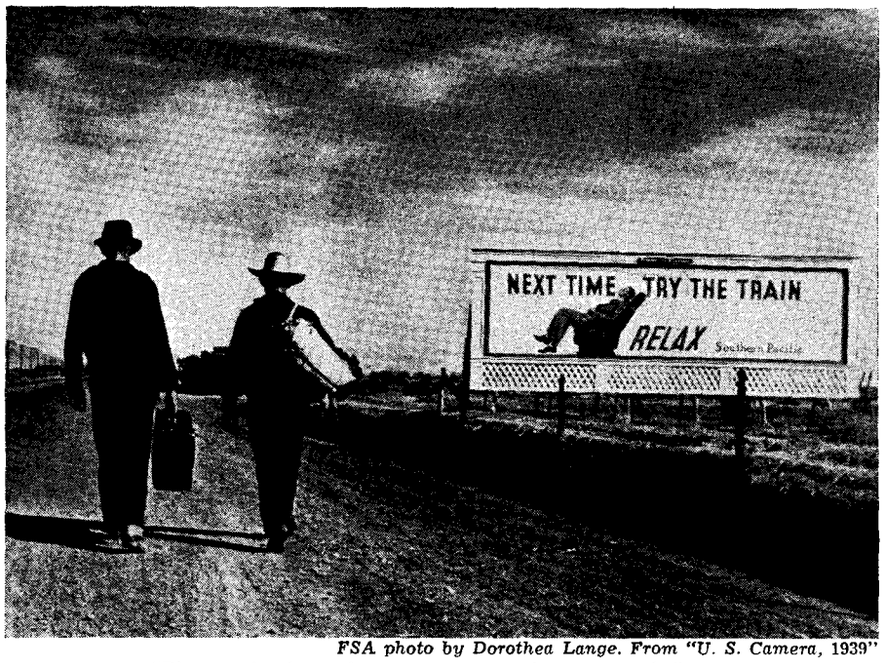
Mr. Walker Evans is not in the lexicon of our disdain, but Mr. Kirstein is so far out of the realm of our understanding, that we gather from his essay hardly more than that he thinks Mr. Evans is a fine photographer. With that we agree. Perhaps Mr. Evans would have gone down South on his own account, but the facts are that until Professor Stryker employed him, along with Russell Lee, and Dorothea Lange, and Arthur Rothstein and Ben Shahn, and gave him an assignment, Mr. Evans had not found the wave-length of his vision. Of the eighty-seven photographs in the Museum's book, almost half were taken at the instigation of Professor Stryker, of the Farm Security Administration, and were paid for by the U. S. government. The pictures are well worth owning, although they should have been captioned.

If you will buy the "U. S. Camera Annual," and look at the collection of FSA pictures, and read Edward Steichen's tribute, Mr. Evans's work becomes a little less mysterious than Mr. Kirstein tries to make it. There are forty-one photographs in the Annual, including five by Mr. Evans, which are not only the best examples of photography in the book, but which happen to be about something, in that they give you a terrifying look at the faces and homes of the under-privileged in this country.

I agree with Mr. Steichen when he says: "Pictures in themselves are very rarely propaganda. It is the use that is made of pictures that make them propaganda." I would go further. Photographers may be artists, craftsmen, plumbers, or merely professors. But a photographer is rarely a reporter, and if he has any social significance it is because someone sent him somewhere to photograph something significant. These three books prove that photographers very rarely have social significance rather than that the profession has greatly influenced our social history.

The photographer has put us on record. That is important. But it is we—our clothes, our faces, our homes, and habits—who write the record.

Pare Lorentz produced, and wrote the sound track for, the recent documentary film, "The River."



FSA photo by Dorothea Lange. From "U. S. Camera, 1939"

"Pictures in themselves are very rarely propaganda." . . .

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Time and Justice Holmes

MR. JUSTICE HOLMES AND THE SUPREME COURT. By Felix Frankfurter. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1938. $1.50.

Reviewed by WALTON H. HAMILTON

THE man who signed himself "O. W. Holmes, Jr.," refuses to be dated. As poet's son, Harvard student, Union soldier, lawyer, editor, jurist, man of letters, inveterate scribbler, he left "little fragments" of his "fleece" across nine decades of time. He hung on Emerson's words, heard endless talk between James Russell Lowell and Leslie Stephen, grew up with Henry Adams and William James. He reviewed "Langdell on Contracts," the first of all the case books; acclaimed the greatness of an unknown Robert Browning; recalled "the last time I had dinner with John Stuart Mill." He came to the United States Supreme Court when Harlan and Brewer were great jurists, waited a decade and a half for Brandeis to appear, lingered to administer the oath to Hughes as Chief Justice. He was born when Martin Van Buren was in the White House; on his ninety-second birthday, a year after his retirement, an unexpected visitor dropped in—and gave his name as Franklin D. Roosevelt. As Holmes put it, the President of the United States had come to call upon "a mere private citizen."

It is this dateless quality in Holmes which Felix Frankfurter tries to recapture. A slim volume necessitates utmost economy; a trio of miniatures replaces a large canvas; episode and quotation do duty for the complete story. In these chapters the jurist is concerned with the police power, civil rights, and the federal system—three of the many strands which make up the fabric of public law. Holmes was loath to allow the federal judiciary to override the state legislature; he was tolerant of "social experiment" carried on "in the insulated chambers of the several states" even though "the experiments may seem foolish or even noxious to me." As a radical he took his views on human rights from Thoreau and Garrison; as a law-maker he discovered them neatly tucked away in the "due process" clause. As a conservative he protested in 1904 against reading "Mr. Herbert Spencer's 'Social Statics'" into the Constitution; as a progressive he helped in 1931 to rid the sacred document of that selfsame laissez faire. Much that he said in dissent is now the law of the land; almost all his opinions are as fresh, relevant, and colorful as when he wrote them.

"As long as English prose has power to move," Holmes will be numbered among the immortals. Few can vie with him in shaping his words to the very life of the thought. It is as true of all else as of law that "we must think things and not words." In other domains, as in his own, "the best test of truth is the power of the thought to get itself accepted in the competition of the market." In affairs at large, as with the Constitution, principles "are not mathematical formulas having their essence in their form"; they call "into life a being which could not have been foreseen." The legal even reaches out to the artistic; there are persons "to whom the superfluous is the necessary" and even the Government does not go beyond its orbi "in making life livable for them." To some of us the deft thrust, the undertone of meaning, the irregular rhythm of prose bring a delight which the more studied artistry of poetry can no longer impart. For us Holmes has turned "the superfluous" into "the necessary."

As befits a dateless prose the quotation from Holmes and the comment of Frankfurter are of a piece. Holmes dwells above "the sound of passing shibboleths" and refuses to be moved "by the din of the moment." For subject and author alike the law is not "a printed finality but a dynamic process"; a written constitution, "not merely the imprisonment of the past" but also "the unfolding of the future." For both "the law is a manifestation of the human spirit." Both are humble in opinion; and neither affects to draw up "the whole truth" from the "bottomless well." In turning upon causes long gone the discussion addresses itself to issues now current. And, apropos of Holmes, Frankfurter recites his faith.

And He Sticks to It

THAT'S MY STORY. By Douglas Corrigan. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1938. $1.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT STRUNSKY

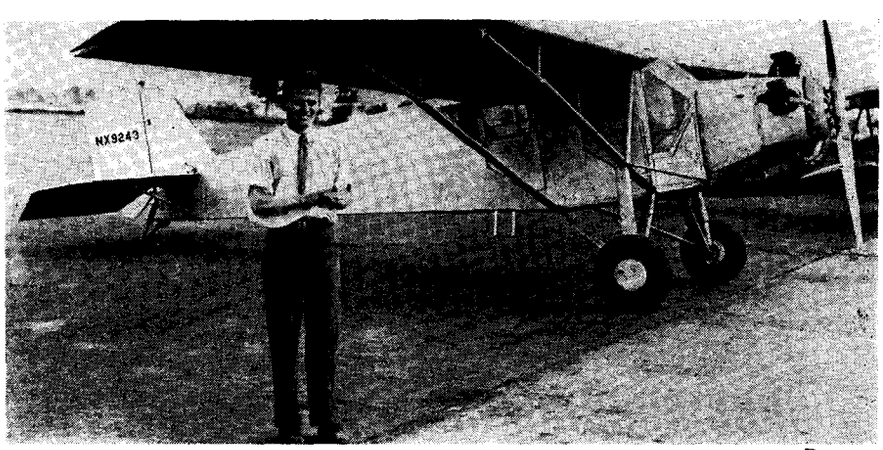
SOMEWHERE in the middle of this amiable autobiography the author recalls shaking the hand of Col. Lindbergh. "That handshake," he writes, "was my inspiration to keep trying, because in my estimation Lindbergh was, and still is, the greatest character in the history of the world."

It is this kind of devotion which made it possible for Douglas Corrigan to reverse the geography of the world. This book contains the plain, unvarnished story of his life, up to and including the memorable transatlantic flight on which he started for California and landed in Ireland. In it he insistently sticks to his story—that his intentions were westbound and that his direction became confused. The guileless narrative, and the honest self-portrait which it draws, lend increasing credibility to this story.

His entire career has a happy-go-lucky quality. He minimizes misfortune and finds constant pleasure in his daily occupations, whether it be tinkering with airplanes, selling papers on the streets of Galveston, shoring up a disintegrating family, or working in a bottling plant. He has taken his responsibilities earnestly and performed them light-heartedly.

Obviously he has been happiest when in flight. Airplanes have the same intrinsic fascination for him that they have for his hero, Col. Lindbergh. He has nothing startling to contribute about his lonely trip across the ocean beyond feeling slightly cold, occasionally hungry, and mainly bewildered. He enjoyed the subsequent receptions and parades more as a child enjoys the Macy Thanksgiving Day spectacle than as a conquering hero coming into his own. Through it all he was aflame with excitement.

The chief virtue of his book is its luminous transmission of the Corrigan personality. It has a consistently cheerful, honest, adventuresome spirit.



Drennan

Corrigan at Roosevelt Field, July 11, 1938

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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The Age of Propaganda

WHOEVER it was who christened these times "The Age of Propaganda" knew his business; for of all epochs, that in which exact knowledge on a multitude of subjects is most easily obtainable is precisely the period in which exact knowledge is avoided and scorned. It is as if information which could enable us to deal properly with our difficulties had something disagreeable about it, as if we preferred the vague and atmospheric for its own sake. It makes no difference what party we belong to. What we like is a sort of golden haze which we call our ideas. A mist so close that we breathe it in and that its vapors color all landscapes around us is hard to discount and we do not desire to do so. And such a fog is around every man and every party. This is true of liberals, of tories, of communists, and of fascists, and in fact is a commonplace which happens to be correct, unlike plenty of its kind.

If there is anyone in the history of Modern Thought (for some reason that is what we call it) who has been held responsible for much, it is Friederich Nietzsche. As if it weren't enough to carry the not inconsiderable burden of the Superman, he is expected to shoulder the Will to Power as well. And a gang of Atheists are dreadfully down on him for knocking the Christian Virtues for a loop. On top of that, and it is here that the point of this paper (if any) comes in, he is claimed to be, or regarded as, the voice crying in the wilderness before the advent of Nazism. We certainly regarded him as such, knowing nothing whatever about him, like everyone else who talked about him. And we venture to believe that nine men out of every ten who read reviews and so pass for cultivated would unhesitatingly put on the poor wretch, who died with benefit of salvarsan thirty-eight years ago in his asylum cell, the stigma of having begot the new madness.

Certainly the Nazis have not banned his books, which, given their principles, seems to show that they are madder than ever Nietzsche became. For, in spite of a ruthless passage here and there, there is nothing in prophetic literature, and Nietzsche was the last prophet, where the disciples have been so bitterly condemned explicitly and by implication. It is worth while to draw attention to a few focal points.

For instance, consider the great Nordic-Semitic mare's-nest, which is certainly the silliest controversy that ever agitated a club dining-table or a cabinet-council. Nietzsche saw it coming fifty years ago, and though the spirochetes were already fatally established in the best cortex in Germany, this is what he wrote to the purpose: "I do not like these newest speculators in idealism, the Anti-Semites, who nowadays roll their eyes in the patent Christian-Aryan-man-of-honor fashion, and by an abuse of moralist attitudes and agitation dodges, so cheap as to exhaust any patience, strive to excite all the blockhead elements in the populace." The batting average on that is well over one thousand in our poor opinion. Nor is the more playful parenthetical analysis which he attaches to the outburst without its macabre humor: "The invariable success of every kind of intellectual Charlatanism in Germany today is connected with the almost indisputable and already palpable desolation of the German mind, whose cause I look for in a too exclusive diet of papers, politics, beer, and Wagnerian music, not forgetting the condition precedent to such a diet, the nationalist exclusiveness and vanity, the strong but narrow principle, 'Deutschland über alles,' and finally, the paralysis agitans of modern ideas." It is small wonder if a few pages farther on we find him exclaiming: "What quagmires and mendacity must there be about if it is possible, in the modern European hotch-potch, to raise questions of race!" And later yet vowing, "to associate with no man who takes any part in the mendacious race swindle." And on the positive side he is fully persuaded and explicitly states that development in the future will depend on a synthesis of the past. Clearly "The Genealogy of Morals" will have to be burned in the fire.

But it is not only the Nazis' anthropoidal anthropology that he foresaw. He had in "Thus Spake Zarathustra" a Pisgah-sight of their whole beastly state system. "Thus Spake Zarathustra" is an unfortunate book in one respect. The biblical-gnomic style may for aught we know be effective and authentic in German, but when that bottomlessness is translated it becomes such Wardour Street as is apt to conceal the originality, beauty, and generosity of the thought. "Thou thyself *becometh* yellower and darker" says the translator in defiance of grammar. And Nietzsche suffers horribly from such perversions. Nevertheless, resolutely turning our eyes from the Methodist camp-meeting style of the English version, which has a "clatter like battle drums and penitential preachers," we discover such an indictment of the system that was in Nietzsche's future and is in our present, as must satisfy any reasonable human being. Goering and Goebbels can find their state explicitly described in the great, mad poem. Here is the passage:

> A state? What is that? Well! open now your ears unto me, for now will I say unto you my word concerning the death of peoples.
>
> A state is called the coldest of all cold monsters. Coldly lieth it also; and this lie creepeth from its mouth: "I, the state, am the people."
>
> It is a lie! Creators were they who created peoples, and hung a faith and a love over them: thus they served life.
>
> Destroyers are they who lay snares for many, and call it the state: they hang a sword and a hundred cravings over them.
>
> Where there is still a people, there the state is not understood, but hated as the evil eye, and as sin against laws and customs.
>
> This sign I give unto you: every people speaketh its language of good and evil: this its neighbour understandeth not. Its language hath it devised for itself in laws and customs.
>
> But the state lieth in all languages of good and evil; and whatever it saith it lieth; and whatever it hath it hath stolen.

Nor is he wrong in the further comment: "Yea, a dying for many hath here been devised, which glorifieth itself as life: verily, a hearty service unto all preachers of death."

Nietzsche has, of course, suffered the common fate of all remarkable men, that what he believed should be perverted to opposed purposes, in his case to those of the blusterer and the bully. As he himself wrote: "Mine enemies have grown powerful and have disfigured the likeness of my doctrine, so that my dearest ones have to blush for the gifts I gave them." Superficially, the Superman is right down the alley of a young Aryan brute engaged in torturing an elderly rabbi. Actually nothing more hateful could have been imagined by a man who was a sportsman to his finger-tips and who wrote: "For man to be redeemed from revenge—that is for me the bridge to the highest hope, and a rainbow after long storm." It is grimly comic that the followers of such a moralist have turned out to be men who jack for deer and dynamite trout. Also in an age of propaganda they have elevated the congenial process of ignoring truth to an art and "only believe the stammerer."

LEONARD BACON.

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Letters to the Editor: *33 Dickens Characters; Mr. Thomas Protests*

Solution of the Dickens Puzzle

Numerous partial solutions of the Dickens puzzle which ran in *The Saturday Review* have come in from our readers. We print herewith the complete solution. It turns out that the poem contains 33 hidden names of Dickens characters instead of 32 as originally announced.

"The tranquil ploughman hampered by the gorse,
Straddles his steed to steer forthwith his course.
Where from the fern the angler plies his hook
Whilst fishes cute and spry swim in the brook;
By ricks of fragrant and sweet smelling hay,
Which, children, artful dodge round in their play:
Through meads where leaves lie brown, low neathe the trees,
And sheep upon the sward leap in the breeze:
Where bluebells nod, grass waves, and roses blow,
While monks do range the Abbey grounds below.
Where (which is queer) sunflowers and stocks abound
And fairy bells like tiny timbrels sound;
We seem to hear Pan's pipes and idly dream,
Whilst boys drag nests from trees that edge the stream,
Dusk falls, the bright stars twinkle, whilst below,
The empty haywains creak less as they go."

Quilp: "Old Curiosity Shop."—Ham: "David Copperfield."—Traddles: "David Copperfield."—Raddle: "Pickwick Papers."—Steerforth: "David Copperfield."—Fern: "Chimes."—Fish: "Chimes."—Cute: "Chimes."—Brook: "Sketches by Boz."—Rick: "Bleak House."—Gran: "Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy."—Grant: "Nicholas Nickleby."—Mell: "David Copperfield."—Artful Dodger: "Oliver Twist."—Brown: "Somebody's Luggage."—Brownlow: "Oliver Twist."—Heep: "David Copperfield."—Wardle: "Pickwick Papers."—Bell: "The Mudfog Association."—Snodgrass: "Pickwick Papers."—Rose: "Oliver Twist."—Lemon: "M. Nightingale's Diary."—Monks: "Oliver Twist."—Dora: "David Copperfield."—Orange: "Somebody's Luggage."—Abbey: "Our Mutual Friend."—Squeers: "Nicholas Nickleby."—Flowers: "Dombey and Son."—Tiny Tim: "A Christmas Carol."—Pip: "Great Expectations."—Agnes: "David Copperfield."—Winkle: "Pickwick Papers."—Creakle: "David Copperfield."

Socialism on the Defensive

SIR:—In your issue of November 26th occurs a rather friendly review of my recent book "Socialism on the Defensive" by Robert C. Brooks.

The review contains no glaring error in fact, but I think if my book was worth reviewing at all in a paper like yours, it was worth reviewing more adequately. I do not refer primarily to the space allotted to it, but the way that space was used.

No one would guess from your review that one of the major preoccupations of my book was to prove that economic planning was not only a possibility but a possibility without the totalitarian state. The reviewer relates his comments on my book with his review on "Fascism for Whom" by saying that to me, also, "fascism is the great enemy."

Would anyone imagine from this remark that my principal concern was to prove that fascism is a product of the degeneration of capitalism and of nationalism, and that not fascism, but the totalitarian state is the supreme danger in a fight for democracy, for peace, and for genuine socialism?

I, myself, summed up the matter by saying: "the question before us is not laissez faire or collectivism, but how much collectivism and how controlled? By totalitarian states or coöperative commonwealth?"

I have read worse reviews of my recent book and other books which I have written than this which I am criticizing, but one has a right to expect more from *The Saturday Review of Literature*.

I am not hopelessly biased from the standpoint of the author. I have reviewed many more books than I have written and I have been greatly indebted to book reviews for guidance in the field of current literature. Nevertheless, I have an increasingly low opinion of the quality of a high percentage of book reviews, at least in the field where I am competent to judge. They strike me as perfunctory, sloppy, and sometimes downright inaccurate. They neither present the argument of the author fairly or fully, nor, as a rule, stimulate thinking by really searching and informed criticism. And in this respect the reviewers in journals like yours are as bad or worse than newspaper reviewers in publications to which one does not ordinarily look for guidance.

Certainly it is no credit to American book reviewing, to say nothing of literary criticism, that so high a percentage of it suggests a lazy writer, often bored with his job, master of a few clichés—sometimes with an eye on a phrase which may be useful in advertising the book.

Something ought to be done about it and I don't know what, but I doubt the excuse for your publication for existence unless you know better than I do what should be done.

NORMAN THOMAS.

New York City.

"It's nothing serious, Madam. They're writers."

Mr. Brooks Replies

SIR:—Apparently Mr. Thomas now interprets his recent study as a contribution in the field of economic planning. Being a Socialist, he could not well have avoided the subject. The reviewer was perfectly well aware of its inclusion; however, he did not think that what Mr. Thomas wrote about planning was either novel or of any particular significance.

Of course authors may be as fanciful as they please in the titles they select for their books. Mr. Thomas, however, chose to be literal, not fanciful. He did not elect to call his recent volume "Economic Planning Outside the Totalitarian State." He called it "Socialism on the Defensive," which quite fairly describes its rather miscellaneous contents. The title is appropriate in another way. In 1920 the vote of the Socialist party in the United States was 919,799. Under the leadership of Mr. Thomas it fell to 187,720 in 1936.

Particularly infelicitous is Mr. Thomas's remark that reviewers write "sometimes with an eye on a phrase which may be helpful in advertising the book." As a Socialist, Mr. Thomas believes in economic determinism. But reviewers are not paid by publishers. What reason, then, have the former to favor the latter?

ROBERT C. BROOKS.

Swarthmore, Pa.

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Marriage and Mythology

THE HAPPY FAMILY. By John Levy, M.D., and Ruth Monroe. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1938. $2.75.

THE INNER WORLD OF MAN. By Frances G. Wickes. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1938. $3.50.

CAST OUT YOUR DEVILS. By Alfred M. Uhler. New York: Stackpole Sons. 1938. $2.

Reviewed by BERTRAM D. LEWIN, M.D.

IN "The Happy Family," the late Dr. Levy and Dr. Monroe (who is Mrs. Levy) have written a book that deserves the highest praise. It is a thoroughly objective, mature, and sophisticated work, unsentimental, unpanaceal. Marriage the authors take very properly to be a complicated psychological relationship, the family a terrain for loves, hates, fears, alliances, and conflicts. "People do not marry," they say, "because it is their social duty to perpetuate the institution of the family, or because the preacher and Mrs. Grundy both recommend matrimony, or even because they fall in love with each other. They marry because they lived in a family as children and still cannot get over the feeling that being in a family is the only proper, indeed the only possible, way to live." From their education, their reading, the movies, and from a hundred other sources, they bring to their marriage an expectation or many expectations that are not realized, indeed that may be unrealizable. This clash of expectation and the empirical reality of marriage the authors depict by means of shrewdly chosen "case histories." A willingness to embrace or tolerate realities, psychological and economical, is indispensable for the success of marriage and family living, and the book deals very concretely with these details, or with many of them, grouped together under the chapter headings of "The Other Woman," "Sexual Satisfaction," "Living Together," "Work and Money," and in two chapters on children and their difficulties.

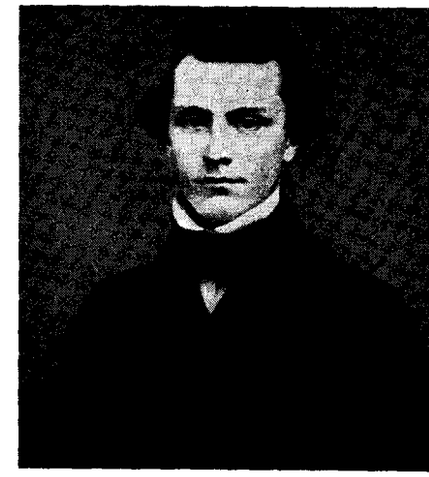
Each one of these chapters has its merits. The chapter on the "other woman" avoids sentimental sexual reformism as it does sentimental morality; it eschews radicalism and authoritarianism alike as unempirical codification and bad psychology. The chapter on sexual satisfaction is refreshing for its thoroughgoing recognition of sex as a psychological function, that can mean many things, and the authors are particularly good in their criticism of the school that would produce marital happiness through a sort of physiological conscientiousness. The middle ground is successfully held in the remaining chapters, nor do the authors stray from the standpoint of objectivity and experience.

In its descriptive consideration of marriage and the family as objective situations the book is excellent. It errs, in the reviewer's opinion, on the side of omission. It does not state, or tends to understate, that part played in an unsuccessful marriage by those impulses and desires which enter in spite of the individual's better knowledge or better will, in other words, unconscious tendencies.

Mrs. Wickes's book, "The Inner World of Man," is representative of quite a different approach, but is as excellent in its own way. The author is a follower of Carl Jung, and the book contains a brief account of Jung's essential theories as well as excerpts of case reports (with many drawings) that demonstrate their clinical application. Jung was struck early in his career by the psychology contained in folklore and mythology. Freud invented the term Oedipus complex to be used as a trope, the name of something real in infantile psychology. Jung went on to speak of an Electra complex, but as he progressed in his work he came more and more to regard mythological types as psychological realities at work in the individual. So that he now sees in every person certain sub-persons or personifications, leading to a limited extent an independent existence, and to these he has given such names as the Persona (the part of the individual turned towards external reality), the Shadow (the part turned towards the unconscious), the Anima (in a man) or Animus (in a woman) which embodies the elements of the other sex present in the individual, and so on. In addition Jung has typed individuals into extraverts and intraverts, with several sub-types, and from a functional standpoint regards persons as thinking, feeling, intuitive, and sensational.

Mrs. Wickes shows the reader very clearly how these concepts may be used in practice. The patient's productions, dreams, phantasies, drawings are interpreted in terms of the conflicts and vicissitudes of the unconscious personifications, and these in turn are correlated with the patient's difficulties and symptoms. The author's lucidity and general readability make this book an excellent one for those who wish to inform themselves of the general practice and theory of Jungian psychology.

Mr. Uhler's book, "Cast Out Your Devils," hardly deserves to be mentioned besides the two serious books just reviewed. It consists of undigested references to psychiatric and psychologic authors and undigested anecdotal "case histories." "The great American Hell is anxiety," "There is a strange Hell called Ambivalence," "Sex neurasthenia is a Hell. . . ." etc.



Isaac J. Wistar in 1853

Forty-Niner

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ISAAC JONES WISTAR. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1938. $4.

Reviewed by GEORGE R. STEWART

PRIVATELY printed in 1914 and now first published, General Wistar's volume deserves to take a place as an American classic, or more particularly as a classic of the Far West. Although covering his life from birth (1827) to the year 1892, four-fifths of the memoir details the period 1849-1864. Of this section about two-thirds deals with experiences in the Far West, and one-third with the Civil War. The war memoirs, although highly interesting, are of less importance in view of the fact that that feature of our history is already so rich in the literature of reminiscence. On the other hand, good memoirs of the early West are rare, and the importance of this section of the volume is correspondingly enhanced.

Wistar crossed the plains in '49, and in the eight years which followed he engaged in almost every conceivable activity over a range extending from Panama to the borders of Alaska. He mined, packed mules, trapped, drove cattle, farmed, traded, fought Indians a little, and ended by practising law in San Francisco. Wistar is the hero of his own story, and usually he wins our admiration. He was a typical frontiersman of the gold-rush period—restless, enterprising, violent, not troubled by scruples.

That Wistar was a man of action is apparent, but he was also a man of thought. His comments upon social and political events are interesting. He returned from his far-flung pioneering as a confirmed Tory. The "mob" was his chief aversion, and he wrote of "our great and glorious (?) Republic." During the strikes of 1877 he offered to raise a force and restore order in Pittsburgh, but only if allowed full power under martial law to shoot and hang.

Wistar was highly self-confident, and

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seldom admits any possibility that he might himself have been wrong in facts or in interpretation. For the events of his private life we have no means of judging his accuracy, but with his story of the Committee of Vigilance of 1856 we are upon historical ground. We may note here that the situation was (to say the least) not nearly so simple as Wistar represents it. In fact, he really lets the cat out of the bag by admitting that the only people in the whole city who could be raised to resist the so-called mob consisted of "judges and lawyers, with a half-dozen rogues and gamblers."

By and large, Wistar is a fine exemplar of the dominant type of nineteenth-century American. Intelligent, courageous, resourceful—he is as full of good qualities as a pie is of raisins. His limitations (vices, if you will) are those of his generation, and many of them in those times and places would have counted rather as virtues. Taken as a whole, his book is not only a rousing, well-written adventure story, but also a first-class historical document.

George R. Stewart teaches English at the University of California, and is the author of "East of the Giants," a historical novel about his state.

American Thumbscrews

HIGH PRESSURE; What It Is Doing to My Town and My Neighbors. By Jesse Rainsford Sprague. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT S. LYND

"THIS book is not an autobiography, nor is it a fictional biography. Merely, I have set down things that I have observed during my own rather long experience as a businessman. The city that I call 'Wellston' might be any American city."

I do not not know what Mr. Sprague really does for a living. I suspect he is not a jeweler on Market Street, as is the observant Peter Kent of this book; and I seem to remember that over twenty years ago, when I was an earnest young editor of a business trade-journal, I used to come across articles by him in that early instigator of business efficiency, *System, The Magazine of Business.* Anyway, he is an astute man who, in his lifetime, has lived with American business as it moved with the quickening tempo of the early 1900's, into the rushing stream of the end of the second decade, and on to the roaring plunge at the end of the third decade. And now, in the confusion beneath the Great Fall, he has something to say that is worth listening to. So much worth listening to, that I hope my good friend, Harry Myers, out in Middletown, a banker who thinks "business is all right, if the Government would only let it alone," will read "High Pressure."

Mr. Sprague says in his Foreword that

> the time is past when business can be allowed so much freedom without disastrous consequences. In this book I have tried to show what can happen in a typical American community as a result of allowing business an excess of freedom. . . . We Americans don't have the sense of security that we used to have. . . . We can't have the old sense of security until something is done to curb the American practice of high-powered salesmanship.

Through the eyes of an active retail merchant he lets us watch his Market Street grow and change, from the time "when I came to Wellston, [and] practically every business was owned by local people," until now when "the real trouble is, we Wellston people aren't running our town any more. We're being run by Mr. J. C. Penney, and Mr. Young of General Electric, and Mr. Henry Ford, and Burroughs adding machines, and Kelvinator refrigerators and the Grand Union Grocery Stores, the chain grocer. That makes a big difference."

Over against the pressure upon Wellston from outside sales-managers stands the essentially decent and vastly troubled local businessman, who remarks to Peter Kent, "I believe, Peter, it was old Talleyrand who said, 'A married man with a family will do anything for money.' I wonder how he knew about me!" In a series of highly readable chapters on concrete local situations, Peter Kent tells about the resulting weaving of "high pressure" into the lives of the sort of people among whom you and I live.

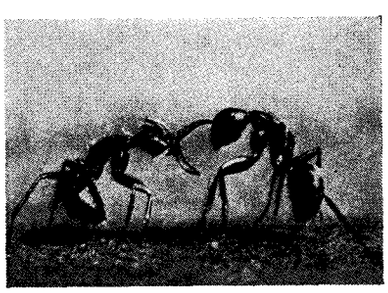
In the end, the book doesn't get us anywhere, because such crying out against the business glacier that holds us in its grip never does. Peter Kent personifies the nostalgia of a gentleman of the old school when he protests that high-pressure business tactics are making us Americans "shabby people." "I think it isn't generally realized," he says, "how fiercely business fights to create and maintain a cheap atmosphere in America." He resents, for instance, the cloaking of money-making with religious sanctions, and its general air of being a "noble enterprise." The inadequacy of the three concrete suggestions Peter Kent makes at the close reveals the helplessness of us all: (1) that a curb be placed on unrestricted installment selling; (2) "that families of old American stock re-

The Universal Spectacle

THIS IS LIVING. By Donald Culross Peattie and Gordon Aymar. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1938. $4.

Reviewed by LOUIS J. HALLE, JR.

"I WOULD fondly believe," Conrad wrote of the universe, "that its object is purely spectacular: a spectacle for awe, love, adoration, or hate, if you like, but in this view—and in this view alone—never for despair!" The authors of "This Is Living" might well have used this confession as their basic text. In some hundred and thirty-five photographs collected by Mr. Aymar, and an accompanying text by Mr. Peattie, they have offered here a brief keyhole squint at the great spectacle of the universe — or that biological aspect of it, at least, in which mankind is most directly concerned. The photographs have been selected primarily as illustrations of the fundamental activities of the life we live in common with the newt and the amoeba, though the elements of artistic merit and candid-camera sensationalism are present in abundance. A wasp sinking its sting into the body of a cicada, the picturesque dead stump of a tree, the corpse of a peasant woman laid out for burial, like the medieval engravings of the Danse Macabre, exemplify the omnipotence of death and the mortality of the individual. A cow-moose nosing her calf, a naked human baby just arrived in the world, illustrate the constant renewal of life and the immortality of species. Death and renewal, hunger and its satisfaction, the need for shelter, the social instinct—these and other manifestations of biological existence are the burden of eight chapters, each consisting of three or four pages of introductory text followed by photographs and captions.



"Citizens of a society strangely like our own. . . ." From "This is Living."

The camera, even when dealing with the very stuff of wonder, is a matter-of-fact instrument; its rendering of a corpse is more likely to arouse curiosity as to the causes of death than reflections on the destiny of spirit. Consequently, Mr. Peattie's text, running the gamut from factual information to metaphysical speculation, seems completely in tune with the photographs only where it is most factual. The effect of the book is to stimulate the reader's interest in the natural world by affording him a series of fascinating glimpses into its endless activity.

Louis J. Halle, Jr. is the author of "Birds against Men."

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fuse to send their sons to colleges and universities that maintain Schools of Business and offer instruction in salesmanship and similar getting-on-in-the-world humbuggeries"; and (3) that religion be divorced from business, ministers resign from "service clubs," and stick to their proper and important functions.

These last are typical liberal protests, in an era in which, to quote the title of Max Lerner's recent book, "It Is Later Than You Think." And yet the concreteness of this graphic story of everyman in business makes Mr. Sprague's book a useful bit of further evidence as to how fast the tide is carrying us. If my banker-friend in Middletown reads it, who knows what may happen? He may go on to read Thorstein Veblen.

Robert S. Lynd is co-author, with Helen M. Lynd, of "Middletown" and "Middletown in Transition."

The Case for Monarchy

LOUIS XIV. By Hilaire Belloc. New York: Harper & Bros. 1938. $3.75.

Reviewed by JOHN M. S. ALLISON

THERE are probably as many books on Louis XIV as there are on Franklin. He has been presented as the perfect absolute monarch. In truth, he was neither perfect nor absolute. His reign has been displayed as the type of rule to be avoided. Mr. Belloc has chosen a different theme. Regretfully, he bewails the failure of democracy, and he sees only two remaining resources—monarchy or aristocracy. Monarchy is Mr. Belloc's choice, monarchy, elective or hereditary.

Monarchy, he writes, has two roots—human equality and military action. Monarchy, to him, incarnates equality. Men think of themselves, at heart, as equals in right. Again, men armed for battle or for organized civil action can best achieve their objects under a leader. Men are filled with latent resentment against the power of mere wealth or even caste. "Men will applaud and follow One who shall be master of *their* masters. In other words, Monarchy is the sole effective protection, in a large state, of the common citizen against the mastery of wealth." Again, the Monarch, Mr. Belloc writes, incarnates "the common man, in his multitude, as well as the whole society over which he presides." Also, men can only act if they are embrigaded under a hierarchy of command leading up to one commander; nearly all great common enterprises must be ordered so, and in the supreme test of war, armies are led and battles won by a single will and brain. A third root is religion. Men subject to a monarch see in him "a present deity," the incarnation of the state and of themselves.

This is Mr. Belloc's thesis and this thesis he seeks to demonstrate by a consideration of Louis XIV. His book is not a biography, and its brilliant author makes no pretense of presenting a full-length narrative of the entire reign. But therein lie its defects and the weakness of the argument. There is Louis XIV himself, for example. Mr. Belloc acknowledges at times his faults, but the general impression left upon the reader is that of a whitewashed king—almost as whitewashed as the Louis XIV of Louis Bertrand. It is exceedingly hard to believe that Louis the Tyrant is only a tyrant when seen through Louvois. Furthermore, Louis was not always the master, even after the death of Mazarin. The Fouquet episode, in Mr. Belloc's eyes, means the defense of Frenchmen by the king against the plutocracy, and the subsequent arrival at power of Colbert marks the defeat of plutocracy. As a matter of fact Colbert's policy of mercantilism (which Mr. Belloc hardly mentions) led, for a time, to the opposite result.

In short, this book of inquiry is brilliant but not convincing. It is, even, likely to give a wrong impression to the average reader. In more recent times France under Louis XIV has been treated as an early example of the regulated state and not as monarchy—the incarnation of equality, military action, and religion. In these days there are many who would accept Mr. Belloc's dictum that democracy is possible only in small states and that aristocratic or class government has not solved our problems. They would do well to turn from the past and to construct anew for the future. Already, in the time of the Sun-King, monarchy had passed its peak. It is not in the twilight of kings that they may find their solution —there they will see only what not to do.

Song of the Answerer

(A Reply to Walt Whitman)

BY HELENE MAGARET

I

I CELEBRATE America,
For every atom belonging to America belongs to you and me,
And is a part of us.
Walt Whitman, come down!
And I will sing your message back to you.
Now, in the fourth month, shoulder to shoulder let us talk.

I celebrate the shanties of river-rats no less than the skyscrapers eighty stories high,
The widow reading, "We regret we must waive dividends again,"
The Chairman of the Board still drawing his hundred thousand twice a year.
I am satisfied with what I see:
Sharecroppers starving in the South, mobs milling in Detroit,
The machine guns down the alleys of Chicago,
Thieves, murderers, men who traffic in women,
I give all the same, I receive all the same.
"And there will never be any more perfection than there is now."

II

I celebrate America,
And beyond America I celebrate the world.

The new-born babe in its mother's lap, the father knee-deep in African swamps,
The dead in the gutters of Teruel, and bodies floating down the Hwang-Ho River.
"Clear and sweet is my soul, and clear and sweet is all that is not my soul."
Because we have no God in America,
Does anyone think it is wrong for the Germans to have a God,
Who commands his people, and feeds his sheep, and drives the money-changers out?
Does anyone complain that in Russia Trotsky had to flee,
And Gorki was murdered, and the poets sold their souls to breathe a little longer?
"It is well—against such I say not a word."

All good things are waiting.
I say the deep trenches are being dug for the happiness of men.
The gas masks being given free, the big ships growing bigger.
I say we should thank Heaven for liquid fire, for submarines and airplanes,
And for the new bombs that can destroy a city fifty miles away.
"Has anyone supposed it lucky to be born?
I hasten to inform him or her it is just as lucky to die."

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The Exile

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

AS soon as I got the tip-off I realized this was News. I grabbed a candid camera and a private plane and went up there right away. Everybody else was covering Anthony Eden, so I had a clean beat. Folks, that was a break!

The old lady tried to stall me at the front door but I showed her what I had with me. A bottle—well, half a bottle—of Glenlivet 1884; the Glen Grant unblended, 52 years in the cask. The kind of whiskey people simply don't know about unless they've been Public Relations for a Scottish steamship company. Boy, is that Bottled Fantasy? It must have been what they gave Chamberlain on his way back from Munich, when he said "It's peace in our time." We insiders know, the real problem isn't Dictatorship versus Democracy but Beer and Wine versus Hard Liquor. Democracy is all shot with fourth-rate hootch sold by four-color advertising.

Anyhow, she let me in. "Maybe you can help him," she said. "Yes, it's perfectly true. He's got the jitters. It's a complete nervous collapse.—Thanks, well, just a small one. The strain has been terrible. It's going to be worse now, because Grover Whalen has heard about it, he was just on the phone. It'll be Mrs. Roosevelt next, and then probably Dorothy Thompson.—See if you can do anything."

I scarcely knew him, poor old blighter. He was in bed, and he has shaved off his grand snowdrift beard. He was awfully pale where the whiskers used to be, and I could see by the outline of the blanket how he'd fallen away. He was all surrounded by newspapers and turned off a Press Radio Bulletin just as I came in.

"Full de*tails* in your newspapers" he murmured faintly. "Why do they have to mispronounce it? And why do they all write *currently* when they mean *now?* And won't you please tell Lowell Thomas how to pronounce *hegemony?*"

This was even worse than I feared. This wasn't just collapse, it was prostration. Boy, if you're going to worry about the English used by News Commentators. . . . But I patted his shoulder and poured him a snort of the 1884 and saw a little color come back into those old Salvation Army cheeks. It would have been comical to shoot a picture as he lay there, and I could have syndicated it for big dough, but honestly I didn't have the heart. Also, without the beard I don't think anyone would have believed it.

"What's this about your not coming South this year?" I asked. "Listen, Santa, you can't do that to us. Things are tough enough as it is. If you quit what have we got left?"

"Try Jim Farley," he said. I could see right away the old fellow really was sick. He was absolutely incoherent for a while. I had to shop round among his conversation to figure out what he was driving at. Just listen to some of the goofy stuff he pulled on me.

"I'm through," he said. "If they hear the reindeer on the roof they'll think it's an air raid. There might be another Radio Panic."

"You certainly keep up with the news," I soothed him.

"At the top of the dial," he muttered. "No, there's nothing doing. I'm not going to have them turn anti-aircraft guns on me."

"You could wear a gas mask. You ought to have one anyhow if you go to Europe."

"Not going anywhere," he said. "They're all crazy. People get together to sign a treaty of peace and they have to line up troops to protect 'em. You've made life too complicated, I won't have anything to do with it."

"Now listen," I protested, "we've still got a lot of nice things happening. There's that Sidewalk Superintendents' Club, you'd enjoy that. Some of the best people are out on the streets."

"Civilization's too difficult," he said, with surprising firmness for an invalid. "And all the presents have to be wrapped in cellophane. It's a nuisance to put on and it's worse to get off. It isn't right to put all that strain on delicate fingers. Think of poor little Brenda Frazier, for instance."

"You'd be surprised how those debs can take it," I suggested, but he was off on a long irrelevant anecdote. It seems that last year he had to stable the reindeer out at the airport and check in at a midtown hotel to make his city deliveries. "I was in a big hurry," he explained, "and everywhere I turned I was held up by cellophane. The bathroom was sheeted in it 'For My Protection,' and the tumbler, and the clean shirt and toothbrush I had just bought, and my cigar, until I was nearly crazy breaking into things I wanted. Meanwhile I was being interrupted every minute by the Valet and the Bell Captain and the Floor Hostess and the Executive Manager, calling up to say 'Mr. Claus, is there anything you want?' The wire was so busy I couldn't get any of the numbers I wanted to call myself. That's what they call Personalized Service. A newspaper man I met says it shows the American Terror of Anonymity. It slowed me up so that some quiet little people like Haile Selassie never got any presents at all. This year *I'm* going to be anonymous."

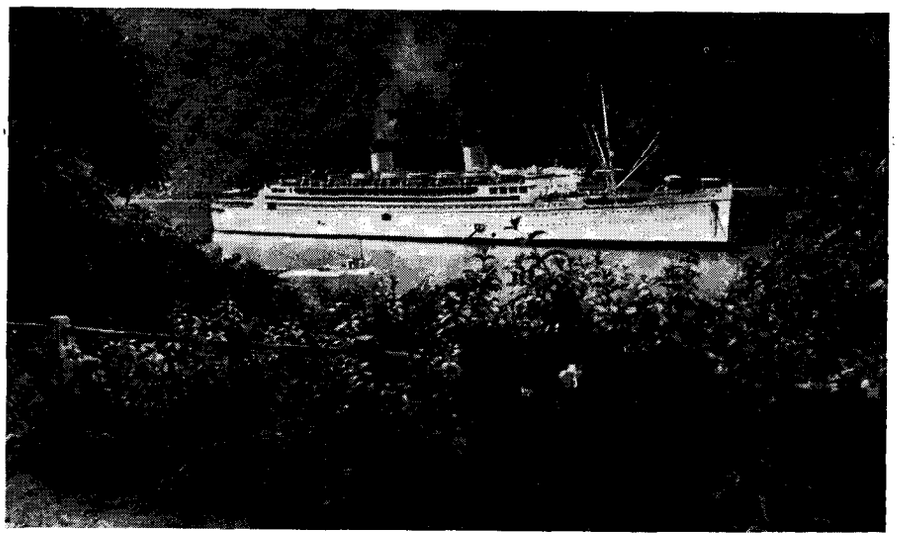
This sounded to me like nonsense. What better fun is there than being tagged all round a big hotel and having the phone bell ring at you? It helps you to know you're Regular, doesn't it? But I was there to get the story, not to editorialize, so I made shorthand notes.

"You mean no Christmas for anybody?" I asked. "No exceptions at all? Not even the Dionnes?"

He looked sad. "Yes, I shall be sorry to miss them. They're rather favorites of mine. But I can't make exceptions."

Folks, you can imagine how I felt about this. I wouldn't be the big ink-stained pushover I am if I hadn't had a twinge to see his faded old red coat and cap and breeches hanging up in the corner. And he seemed so different without the famous beard. It brought out quite a strange look on his face. I suddenly realized that in a sense he'd always been a foreigner.

"Another thing," he was saying. "I've noticed, one of the reindeer has queer-shaped antlers. They look a little bit like



E. S. Colling

Winter Cruise

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a swastika. That would cause unfavorable comment."

"Goodness," I objected, "the swastika's only a symbol, don't worry about that."

"I'm only a symbol myself," he retorted. "Symbols are the most powerful things in the world. My beard was only a symbol, a suggestion of universal fatherhood and kindness. That's why I took it off. I'm not going to be a symbol of something that doesn't exist any more. I'm fed up with the lot of you. You're a bunch of bums and I'm quitting."

Boy, was this a Story! I could visualize the copy-desk's head:—

SANTA CLAUS QUITS COLD
HUMANS BUMS, HE ASSERTS

and I could imagine Westbrook Pegler chuckling and poor H. V. Kaltenborn trying to tone it down some for the Radio Audience.

The saint continued in a gentler mood. "It's not fair on the reindeer. Those new Vitamin foods make them ill. Also I've just heard, Grover Whalen wants me to park them out at World's Fair, and they'd be frightened by all those funny buildings."

"Here's an idea," I interrupted. "The old Sixth Avenue L has quit, but it's not torn down yet. Why, the sleigh would just skim right along the tracks—with a little snow you could coast right through town like a toboggan."

"Probably won't be any snow," he said sourly. "You had it all at Thanksgiving."

"Grover can get you snow. I'll check up with him. He'll have some shipped from Quebec. Please, oldtimer, don't get these heeby-jeebies. People'll do anything—mail their stuff early, obey traffic lights, stop sending Christmas cards with pictures of Scotties—"

"I'm sorry. I've made up my mind. The way things are I'm not going to take chances. Why, I might even be investigated by that Congressional Committee on Unamerican Activities. Or be arrested as a spy. The naive way I trapes round, I might easily be suspected of being Enemy Intelligence."

I tried hard to calm him down. "Have another drink," I offered.

"All right, just to protect my investment," he said, with a flash of his old humor. But he would not yield to any persuasion.

Naturally I was anxious to get my interview on the wire, so I left. But I was puzzled. The old saint's reasons seemed to me rather picayune. Of course I paid my parting respects to Mrs. Claus. "I'm a bit baffled," I told her. "Nothing I can say seems to make any difference."

"It's terrible," she said, "but I can't blame him. Perhaps you don't realize—he wouldn't tell you. It's a long way back, of course, but it's always been there. It wouldn't be safe for him to go round the way he used to. You must remember where the family came from. He has a touch of non-Aryan blood."

The Folder

As a sort of Christmas supplement we add some musings of our clients which have already lain too long in the Folder.

Television

Through her eyes, the far beholder,
I try to look, and so make clear
The little things I might have told her
And what she'd see if she were here.

O may she also, tender doxy,
Our visual faculties combine
And use her pretty eyes by proxy
To see all other men through mine.

BALSAM PILLOES.

To Our Mother of Kazan

Not sad by rote as some Byzantine saint
Whose stony tears in strict mosaic set
Bewail official mourning, no complaint
Distorts your lips. Though your deep eyes are wet
With crucifixion, passionate and calm,
Beyond all beauty and beyond the hate
And horror of the world, they pour their balm
On every sorrow inarticulate.

Magnificent your chorus was when praise
Rose proud in unison. Now the thin voice
Of anguish calls you in these desperate days
When faith, Consolatrix, seems dead, hope ill,
To beg you bless, and, grieving, yet rejoice
In hearts that hold this last devotion still.

HUGH WESTERN.

Mr. C. W. Force sends us a poem by Grant Allen which he believes has never been published. He notes a very fine expression of the same idea in H. M. Tomlinson's *The Sea and the Jungle*—"Use or be used."

A Prayer

A crowned caprice is God of the world;
On his stony breast are his cold wings furled.
No tongue to speak, no eye to see,
No heart to feel for a man hath he.

But his pitiless hands are swift to smite,
And his mute lips utter one word of might
In the clang of gentler souls on rougher;
"Wrong must thou do—or wrong must suffer."

Then grant, oh dumb blind God, at least
that we rather the sufferers than the doers be!

GRANT ALLEN.

A Request

SIR:—I have been compiling, for several years past, a record of the house flags, or private signals, of the shipowners of the 19th century in America. Having exhausted the obvious sources of information it occurred to me to ask if you know of anyone in the way of an ancient mariner, whose memory goes back to the seventies, who might be able to help me?

Ship paintings of the period form the best source material. I wonder if the *Saturday Review* would ask readers who own ship paintings to send me a description of the coloring of the flag at the main, with, of course, the name of the ship and its rig?

With all good wishes, I am,
Yours faithfully,

KENNARD MACLISE.

P. O. Box 544, Milford, Conn.

Visitation

The trull came out of nothing and was there;
That is the truth, you may depend upon it.
You could have knocked me over with a sonnet—
She said she didn't have a thing to wear.
And that was true enough, for she was bare
From Ballymena all the way to Connaught,
Except for something reckless like a bonnet—
I looked at her and said, "Well, I declare!"

But something cold was sneaking up my spine;
Perhaps I was a little scared, at that:
At any rate, the creature should be banished.
"Look here," I said, "is this your room or mine?
"I don't believe in ghosts," I told her flat.
"Ah, well," said she, "there's them that does!" and vanished.

VINCENT STARRETT.

Limestone and Literature

(*Continued from page* 4)

teristics of the Pike in the hill-folk of southern Indiana. In addition to his monumental biography of Lincoln, he also wrote "The Breadwinner" (1888), a frank defense of "economic royalism" and a slashing attack on the labor unions. In reality George Jean Nathan and David Graham Phillips belong no more to Indiana literature than William Bradford belongs to English literature. Who remembers that Nathan was born in Indiana? Certainly Nathan has forgotten.

Among the writers who were not lured away Lew Wallace, Charles Major, Riley, Meredith Nicholson, George Ade, Gene Stratton-Porter, Kin Hubbard, and Booth Tarkington are the best known. Both Wallace and Thompson fought in the Civil War, but from neither came an "Under Fire" or a "Three Soldiers" or a "Red Badge of Courage"; both devoted their talents to romance. Mrs. Porter had some reputation as naturalist and ornithologist, but she preferred to idealize the Limber-

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lost region in Indiana's lake country. In "Freckles," "The Harvester," and "The Girl of the Limberlost" she strove to apply her theories of fiction: "The greatest service any piece of fiction can do any reader is to leave him with a higher ideal than he had when he began . . . to be an influence for clean living, manliness in men and womanliness in women, for love of nature, for honest affection and wholesome laughter." Meredith Nicholson won his reputation as a novelist (one wonders who reads "The House of a Thousand Candles" and "The Port of Missing Men" today), but his meritorious work is perhaps to be found in his essays. "The Man in the Street" and other volumes suggest Lamb and Benson, but are indisputably American and often reveal a shrewd understanding of the Middle West. Lew Wallace, Maurice Thompson (also an engineer), and Nicholson published volumes of verse as well as prose. Charles Major's "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" and "When Knighthood Was in Flower" are still widely read in England and America. Kin Hubbard is one of the sharpest American humorists and deserves far greater recognition than he has received. For days the cryptic sayings of Abe Martin appeared daily in the Indianapolis *News*, topped by a scratchy drawing of the Brown County rustic. These needle-witted, piercing comments on American life are pages of Mr. Dooley compressed into pregnant sentences. The unvarying use of "homely" to describe Kin Hubbard's wisdom is exasperating, for his wisdom is not at all homely; it is far closer to Rochefoucauld than to "David Harum," or to Will Rogers, whose successfully calculated folksiness often made his thrusts more amusing than stinging. (Yet who can forget his brilliant simile, worthy of Kin Hubbard himself, "As thick as rich men at a Save-the-Constitution Convention"?) Less well known is Robert Cortes Holliday, essayist and critic, and once editor of *The Bookman*.

If we eliminate the emigrants, we must divide the honor of being the G. O. M. of Indiana letters between Booth Tarkington and George Ade. Although Tarkington is rarely unreadable, his novels call for a lazy vacation day and a hammock; a muted radio near by would not interfere unduly. For forty years readers not too discriminating have delighted in the long procession of warm, pleasant stories headed by "The Gentleman from Indiana" (1899), some frankly romantic and charming like "Monsieur Beaucaire," most of the others equally romantic under their thin cloak of realism. His popular "Penrod" stories are written from the outside; we laugh at the adolescents but do not see life through their eyes as we see Tom Sawyer's world, or Jeremy's. Tarkington's best book is "Alice Adams." Here, for once, he wrote an unimpeachably honest story which drives through to its correct, if painful, conclusion. Both "The Turmoil" and "The Magnificent Ambersons" end in compromise, the surrender engineered by the novelist, not by inner necessity of the characters. Tarkington's novels of the past fifteen years, and there has been a steady succession of them, are unworthy of the author of "Alice Adams." Who can ever forget Alice's agonizing, perspiring dinner party? Or the final scene—ironic anticlimax in Alice's life but a profoundly effective close to the novel?

If Booth Tarkington's books have too much sugar, George Ade's have just enough salt. His early "Fables," written about 1900, fired a blast of astringent laughter at a vestigial Victorianism, at the sinister as well as the fatuous in American folk-ways: at success-worship; the lodge fiend; shady, within-the-law business practices; fashionable preachers; noseyness that passes for neighborliness; unidyllic aspects of farm life. Ade was a forerunner of the Revolt from the Village school in his unflattering picture of small town life and ethics. His later "Fables," which appeared in magazines for a number of years, never had the freshness and audacity of his early satires. His farces, which were enormously popular thirty-five years ago, are enlivened by frequent satirical jabs like those in the "Fables," but these plays are now museum pieces. Although Ade was never a romancer, "The College Widow" is the mother-story of hundreds of fairy tales in which the hero makes the winning touchdown in the last minute of play.

From Indiana writers has come practically no contribution of distinction to the drama, though several plays have been very successful. Tarkington, alone or in collaboration, wrote "Monsieur Beaucaire," "The Gentleman from Indiana," "Cameo Kirby," "The Man from Home," "Mister Antonio," and "Clarence." Kenyon Nicholson is the author of "Eve the Fifth," "Sailor, Beware!" and "The Barker." Meredith and Kenyon Nicholson are co-authors of "Honor Bright." William Vaughn Moody's "The Great Divide," one of the few pre-war American plays with an "idea," is too theatrical and ponderous for modern taste. Ade made a large part of his fortune from his plays but has no exaggerated notion of their intrinsic worth; years ago he exhausted this vein of his talent and has not cared to go on repeating himself.

When one looks over the list of living writers in the current "Who's Who," one must conclude that the golden day of Indiana literature is over. Once for a charity performance at almost a moment's notice it was possible to assemble on the stage of English's Theatre in Indianapolis James Whitcomb Riley, Meredith Nicholson, Booth Tarkington, Lew Wallace, and a number of lesser lights. In spite of modern rapid transportation no such galaxy could be gathered together today on a similar call; in spite of the lamentable standardization of American life and the ease of communication, writers continue to gravitate to New York or its neighborhood, partly for business reasons, partly for the company of their fellows. To be sure, George Ade still lives the life of a country gentleman at Brook (closer to Chicago than to Indianapolis) during a part of each year; but Booth Tarkington spends more time in Maine than in Indiana, and Meredith Nicholson is in the diplomatic service abroad. Indiana's great day has passed and it produced no Burns or Frost to sing its native glory, no Hardy or Ruth Suckow to

> Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
> Nor set down aught in malice,

no Faulkner or Jeffers to depict its uglier humors.

I was once asked in the lecture room to give my opinion of the work of a celebrated native son, George Barr McCutcheon. I was a bit wary. In my salad days of teaching I had bumptiously expressed unpatriotic judgments of James Whitcomb Riley, only to discover that in Indiana it would have been better to confine criticism to such foreigners as George Washington or St. Paul. In University Extension lectures at Fort Wayne I was frequently badgered into comparing Gene Stratton-Porter with such rivals as Dickens, Flaubert, and Dostoievsky; but Mrs. Porter, it appears, was an amazingly prolific woman collaterally: rarely was the lecture room without at least one sensitive niece or nephew. To reply to the question about McCutcheon, I took refuge in John Macy's exasperated comment on Lew Wallace, who knew Indiana, who fought through the Civil War, who had some sense of style and a lively imagination—and who wrote nothing about America. " 'Ben Hur,' fit work for a country clergyman with a pretty literary gift, is a ridiculous inanity to come from a man who has seen the things that Wallace saw!" I ventured the opinion that we would rather have five pages by McCutcheon about Tippecanoe County than five hundred pages about Graustark. At the close of the hour a pleasant, smartly dressed woman came up to the desk and said, "I was very much interested in what you said about my brother. . . ." A few weeks later she visited my class again and this time she brought a message. "I told Brother John [famous cartoonist on the Chicago *Tribune*] what you said about Brother George, and he said to tell the professor that *he* was writing the book about Indiana that his brother failed to write. He says it's the book you've been looking for." That was five years ago, but I have heard nothing further about Brother John's book. When it does appear, it may be the great Hoosier classic we have all been looking for; and perhaps the great Indiana novel will be the great American novel. It should be.

Richard A. Cordell is on the faculty at Purdue University and is the author of "W. Somerset Maugham" and "Henry Arthur Jones and the Modern Drama."

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Poets, Old and New

POEMS TO VERA. By George Sterling. New York: Oxford University Press. 1938. $2.

MAINE BALLADS. By Robert P. Tristram Coffin. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1938. $1.75.

THE PLANETS. By Alfred Kreymborg. New York: Farrar & Rinehart, Inc. 1938. $1.25.

THE BRIGHT NORTH. By Abbie Huston Evans. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1938. $1.75.

POEMS: NEW AND SELECTED. By Melville Cane. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1938. $2.

CONCERNING THE YOUNG. By Willard Maas. New York: Farrar & Rinehart, Inc. 1938. $2.

THE SILVER BRANCH: AN ANTHOLOGY OF OLD IRISH POETRY. Selected by Sean O'Faolain. New York: The Viking Press. 1938. $2.

Reviewed by Louis Untermeyer

NOT merely because of age and experience, but because of familiarity with their craft and knowledge of effects, the older practitioners in this group should shame the newer poets. But almost the opposite is true. One need only examine the posthumous volume by George Sterling for proof. Sterling died twelve years ago; he had mastered two styles: the flamboyant and the fluently romantic; he was disturbed by the impulse to experiment, distressed by his inability to write except in the tradition. Tired of lassoing wild stars and swinging strange suns through fortissimo sonnets, he had resigned himself to sentimental narratives and love lyrics. In "Poems to Vera" there are twenty-two songs and sonnets and two long tributes "whose only propaganda is love." None is unworthy of its theme and none rises above it; each poem is pleasant, precise, easy to read, and easy to forget. The tone, with its mixture of familiar cadence and cliché, is suggested by the first lines of almost every poem: "O sweet, wild, woodland grace!" "Your beauty bids my spirit fare," "The rain hides now the hills." It is obvious that Sterling not only knew all the poetic platitudes but knew them too well—so well he could never forget them.

The comfortable platitudes slip into "Maine Ballads," but they are not, as they are in Sterling's book, the entire poem; they are incidental, almost accidental, they are even, at times, inevitable. In a foreword Mr. Coffin sensibly asks the reader not to judge these verses by the ordinary poetic standards; "they are to be judged, both in style and plot, by the principles of folk-design." Nothing could be fairer. Most of the ballads are clever mixtures of folk-lore and free improvisation, of adapted regionalism and shrewd workmanship. The best of them, "Departure," "Lazybones," "Toothaker's Desert," "The Twins," "The Name Kept Green," and "Narrow Escape," are not remarkable in style or plot; they have no subtlety, scarcely a surprise. But they make their points broadly; and they rhyme themselves simply and (as ballads should) not too smoothly.

"The Planets," like MacLeish's "The Fall of the City," is a verse-play written primarily for the radio. The theme is ambitious: an allegory of the world and its "phases" from the World War to end war, through the return to prosperity, the ensuing depression, and the next and bigger war to end the world. Effective though the words are sounded over the air-waves, they are not nearly as forceful—not nearly forceful enough—when reduced to print without sonority and sound-effects. Perhaps allegory demands a different treatment from the mélange of idioms employed here; perhaps the author, whose specialty is the delineation of things delicate and quiet—whose forte, so to speak, is *piano*—perhaps Kreymborg has chosen a subject beyond his powers. In an effort to gain variety he indulges in too many changes of tone; the large concept degenerates into trivialities, and the humor too often runs into the grooves of musical comedy—*e.g.*, the scene with Jupiter, belching and hiccuping, supported by a beautiful bevy of nine giggling moons. The otherwise serious blank and free verse is continually jarred by a switch to hit-or-miss rhymes, and the play's progress is not merely delayed but distorted by the intrusion of skittish lyrics. One approves the message and regrets the method.

It is the method one must applaud in "The Bright North," emotion masked in understatement, and imagination strengthened by observation. Mrs. Evans writes about country scenes with a loving but precise eye; she sees how noon "inks in the shadows," how the humming-bird "makes a taut mooring off the larkspur spike" and the "end-on cornfield twists up the slope like a Roman ribbon"; she knows how the morning-glory feels "in its velvet first hour." But there is intellectual probing and a continual philosophic play behind the description. Sometimes the philosophy overbalances the poem, and the poet, beginning in abstract contemplation, ends in self-conscious attitudinizing. But most of the pages are clear and compressed.

Observation and imagination are even more carefully balanced in Melville Cane's "Poems: New and Selected." Such a poem as "Rural Dumpheap," like Sandburg's "Nocturne in a Deserted Brickyard," uncovers the beauty in things traditionally regarded as too prosaic for poetry; "Hymn to Night" is a memorable blend of sight and insight. Cane has experimented with subject and technique—with light for his "binding" theme and with an unusually short line for emphasis—and his experiments are almost uniformly successful. For proof the reader is referred to the compact "Two Stars," the tense little "Dawn Has Yet to Ripple In," and the suggestive "Presence of Snow." These are pieces which deserve to grace many a future anthology, and if the anthologist is not worried by the tongue-in-cheekiness of Cane's section "Lighter" he will find several surprises in the last thirty-three pages.

Willard Maas's "Concerning the Young" is a selection of The Discoverers, which has sponsored such discoveries as Meloney's "Rush to the Sun," Davis's "The Anointed," and Gilligan's "Boundary against Night." The selection is logical, for the author not only speaks of (and, sometimes, for) his generation, he speaks in its language. It is a speech which nonchalantly mingles the exquisite and the banal, pits the timely against the timeless, and attempts to resolve such discordances as the eternal emotions and tomorrow's headlines. Maas is not always successful in his resolutions and his pages present many confusions of aim and incongruities in style—the title-poem, for example, is a queer mixture of George Dillon and (believe it or not) W. H. Auden. But inflection and idiom are fused in "No Season for Our Season," "Where Shall We Go," "Freighted with Fear," and several others. This author seems to be more himself in the lyrical passages than in the longer projections of contemporary conflict, but, except for a few mannered pages, a warmth and richness of experience rise above the most congested lines.

In "The Silver Branch" Sean O'Faolain has selected the best translations of the best old Irish lyrics and semi-ballads. It is a notable collection introduced and integrated by an equally notable preface. The book is divided into four illuminating sections: 1. The Church; 2. The Woods, the Mountains, the Sea; 3. The Heroic Tradition; 4. Early Court Verse. Helpful though O'Faolain's notes are, the poems are self-contained and can be enjoyed with practically no knowledge of Irish myth and folk-lore. The student will be delighted with a volume at once simple and scholarly; he will be able to trace the course of experiment and convention, the emergence of nature and history as themes, the growth of the tradition of friendship, and the general freedom from sanctified taboos which affected these pagan poets. But it needs no scholar to understand these anonymous singers who wrote about a thousand years ago. Readers of Irish poetry—readers of poetry of any kind—should know and cherish them.

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Pricking Bubbles of Economic Planning

FULL RECOVERY OR STAGNATION? By Alvin Harvey Hansen. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by W. O. SCROGGS

PROFESSOR HANSEN'S book is devoid of anything remotely resembling propaganda. His attitude throughout is rigidly objective, and his tone is never polemical; but he is none the less devastating in his exposure of the inherent fallacies in many of the familiar proposals for promoting economic recovery. He offers cold comfort to the advocates of a planned economy. Even if there were no errors of judgment, he says, and if exactly the correct amount of capital goods and consumers' goods were produced, we still might suffer from booms and depressions. If production, for example, should chance to be concentrated in too brief a space of time, a period of industrial recession would necessarily follow. And who can gauge the time requirements when technological progress is constantly changing the tempo of industry? The elimination of uncertainty in such cases could only be achieved through strict regimentation and consequent stagnation.

Professor Hansen believes that intellectual regimentation has already been carried so far that it offers a serious threat to our economic stability. We are becoming a society, he says, in which most of us think alike at the same moment, and the result is often excessive optimism, with a boom, at one time and undue pessimism, with possibly a panic, at another.

Managed currency and a program of "pump priming" are rejected as inadequate. Even if internal money management could be expertly devised and kept free of political pressure, it would still offer no assurance of stability, since the world has become so interdependent that national stability is impossible without international stability as well. The most practical way to increase international stability is to promote greater freedom of trade. In support of this thesis Professor Hansen cites the relatively liberal trade policies of the Scandinavian countries which, despite scant resources, have attained a standard of living comparable with that of their wealthier neighbors.

Depressions, the author finds, are due to many different causes and no single remedy will suffice. The recession which set in during the last half of 1937 was the result of four "accidents." Prices were being inflated because of an almost unprecedented drought, the payment of the veterans' bonus, the rearmament activities of the Great Powers, and the strikes and wage increases in the United States. The inflationary boom collapsed when the drought was relieved, the bonus was spent, and so on. Full recovery obviously cannot be effected merely by a resumption of government spending. Professor Hansen believes that public expenditure may be usefully employed in times of depression to stimulate the flow of savings into genuine investments, but that it should not be resorted to as a cyclical compensatory device to stimulate consumption.

The basic requirement for full recovery is a restoration of the flow of investment funds into industry. The author does not believe that there will be a resumption of a flow like that in the two decades before 1929. He lays emphasis upon the recent decline in the increase of population and believes that this trend will profoundly affect the future of investment activity. Investment hereafter may be intensive rather than extensive, aimed more at improving the quality of production than increasing the quantity. Already there is a call for better housing as well as for more housing. Recovery, therefore, will not mean a return to the old ways.

Professor Hansen's viewpoint is thus truly progressive, in spite of his rejection of many so-called progressive panaceas. He does not share the view of many radicals and a few conservatives that private enterprise is doomed; it may play a somewhat lesser role in the total economy, but it will survive and continue to grow.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 246)

RICHARD STEELE—
THE GUARDIAN

It is a most vexatious thing to an old man, who endeavors to square his notions by reason, and to talk from reflection and experience, to fall in with a circle of young ladies at their afternoon tea-table.

Family Album

MILLBROOK. By Della T. Lutes. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by REBECCA LOWRIE

TWO of Mrs. Lutes's books, "The Country Kitchen" and "Home Grown," have described rural American life so ingratiatingly, and literally so appetizingly, that they are already small but undisputed classics. The scene is Southern Michigan; the time the eighteen eighties, when the author, Delly Thompson, was a little girl. "Millbrook" follows the Thompsons from the farm, when its endless labors became too much for Lije, to the village. The break is not a painful one, because there are old friends and new ones: the aunts, Hanner and Sophrony, the uncles and cousins; and there are the Ladies of the two churches who hum about scandals and love affairs; a murder (the axe seems to be the favored weapon of the eighties); State Fairs and country dances, even a city wanton who paints her face and reads the *Police Gazette* in the barber shop.

Though she has given "Millbrook" the structure of a novel, Mrs. Lutes has not in so much as a sentence lost the family album quality of her characters. There is no elaborately fabricated plot. Even the shock of bigamy and the melodrama of murder fall quite simply and plausibly into the small town pattern because Mrs. Lutes remembers her bigamists and murderers with her usual humorous clarity. Certainly "Millbrook" is not a piece of imaginative fiction. It may even seem, to some readers, rather tranquil and old-fashioned, but it is warmly alive, and preserves in its quaint figures, its homely speech, and its mores, a time and a way of American life which was too sound to vanish entirely, and too flavorful to be forgotten.

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YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS, *New Haven, Conn.*

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A Reference Book on Music

THE MACMILLAN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS IN ONE VOLUME. Compiled and Edited by Albert E. Wier. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1938. $10.

Reviewed by PAUL HENRY LANG

WHEN a publisher undertakes the publication of an encyclopedia the procedure is to select a scholar who has established his reputation either by an academic record or by scientific-literary publications of note in the field to be covered. He is then responsible for the policy, orientation, and coördination of the work, the various subject headings of which are farmed out to experts who usually stand behind their contributions by signing them or at least by being mentioned among the collaborators. The publisher is careful to select men of acknowledged competence, for a large encyclopedia represents a serious business venture and has to hold water for a long time.

None of these common sense precepts was followed in the "Macmillan Encyclopedia of Music," a volume compiled with a total lack of sense of proportion, knowledge of the material, realization of the purpose and aim of a reference manual, and judgment of the relative merits of the subject headings. The only redeeming feature of this book is the large space given to American music and composers, but even there, what a multitude of errors and what grotesque discrepancies! We have no idea what were the "twelve hundred volumes" consulted in the preparation of the encyclopedia, but the appalling primitiveness of most of the articles indicates that even the fantastic hodge-podge that appears under the heading of Musical Literature was not properly read and digested by the contributors. Here and there are acceptable articles, but on the whole the work is unreliable and bristling with mistakes and misspellings of the most comical nature. It is crammed full of biographies of sixth-rate musicians, obtained, no doubt, from musical yearbooks and Who's Whos, because they are not listed in the representative musical encyclopedias of their own countries. There is seldom any attempt to give the faintest esthetic or stylistic appraisal of the artistic merits of composers or compositions, and the reader is almost always left in the dark as to the bibliographical material pertaining to the subject he is seeking. It is a riddle, indeed, for those of us who know the excellent "New Encyclopedia of Music and Musicians" (revised edition 1929, Macmillan), edited by that grand old American scholar Waldo Selden Pratt, why Macmillan's permitted such an amateurish pot-pourri to appear under the same imprint. And isn't the Macmillan Company the publisher of Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians"? We have a strange feeling that these two works were not included among the "twelve hundred," otherwise we should not meet such gems as these on almost every page:

> Guido (11th cent.) a practical man of firm conviction, considered the church modes out of date.—*Luthier* (Ger.) a lute-maker.—Purcell's operas were influenced slightly by the masque.—Mozart's *Il Flauto Magico* was more closely German than any of his previous works.—*Cosi Fan Tutte*, grand opera in three acts.—Wagner abolished the idea of hiding the orchestra under the stage. Johann Sebastian Bach did not turn to choral composition until late in life.—Gossic *(sic)* established the instruments of the symphony orchestra just a few years before Haydn. —In Brahms' second symphony occurs one of the rare instances in which a theme is presented in two different aspects.

We beg leave to say that there is no other branch of American arts and letters where the public's intellectual capacities could be set at such a low without incurring the wrath of a multitude of people, but we feel sure that our music loving citizens deserve a much higher rating, in spite of all the stupidities customarily dished out to them.

Mr. Lang is on the faculty of music at Columbia University.

Acclaimed by Critics from Coast to Coast This Latest Book on Africa

William R. Leigh
Artist-Author
Painter of the backgrounds in the African Hall, American Museum of Natural History.

"Frontiers of Enchantment" by William R. Leigh, was literally written with a paint brush. Every page is flooded with vivid color. The indescribable tenderness of an African sunset... the gorgeous vistas of her grassy plains... the majesty of her jagged, misty mountains in the early morning sunlight, stand out in remarkable contrast to the ferocious wild life that only Africa knows.

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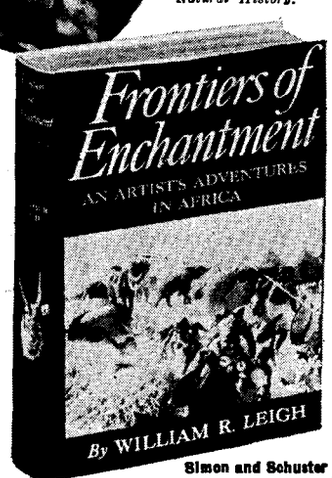

Should Be Number One on Your Christmas Book List, $3.00

Simon and Schuster

But Not Too Late?

IT IS LATER THAN YOU THINK: THE NEED FOR A MILITANT DEMOCRACY. By Max Lerner. The Viking Press. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT C. BROOKS

LATER, that is, than most of the citizens of the "crisis democracies" were inclined to believe. Any doubt on the subject which may have existed prior to the Munich "settlement" has since been dispelled. But, in Professor Lerner's opinion, perhaps not too late even now. If democracy becomes militant in the sense of bold economic and political reconstruction rather than of rearmament alone, he holds that the menace of fascism may yet be averted.

In briefest outline Professor Lerner's "Agenda for a Democratic Collectivism" proposes the stepping up of production in twenty or thirty of our basic industries under a democratically controlled planning authority. While not so detailed, his main economic methods and objectives are similar to those advocated two years ago by Mordecai Ezekiel in "$2500 a Year." Outright monopolies such as the aluminum industry and public utilities should be nationalized immediately, also the munitions industries. Capitalism, the author maintains, cannot be revived permanently, but a planned capitalism may serve as a transition step to a planned socialism.

Economics is traditionally the dismal science, a conclusion which is likely to be strengthened by brief summaries in that field such as the foregoing. However, Professor Lerner's book, while far from optimistic, is anything but dismal reading. He knows how to lighten the closest of analytical reasoning with brilliant aphorisms. Although "far more a democrat than a liberal" he does not hesitate to say that "democracy is much slobbered over today but rarely understood." Professor Lerner does not slobber over any of his concepts; whether they appeal to him or not he presents them in all their meanings sharply and clearly.

Professor Lerner fears that there may be a note of urgency in what he has written; as a matter of fact his title indicates something of the sort. However, his work is free from sensationalism. He makes surprisingly little use of the possibility of a world war. On the other hand he does deal speculatively with the possibility of a civil war in the United States precipitated by fascists. While frankly an advocate of democratic collectivism, his whole discussion belongs if not to the realm of political philosophy at least to that of political theory in the best sense of the term.

Mr. Brooks is on the faculty of Swarthmore College.

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The New Books

Fiction

THE BACK DOOR. By Julian R. Meade. Longmans, Green. 1938. $2.50.

Against a background of the kitchens, the tobacco factories, and the skinflint landlords of a Virginia town Mr. Meade has written a very gentle tale of the oppression of Negroes in the South by their deliberate white exploiters in and out of the missionary circles and of the failure of white decency to make anything like so direct a contact as white brutality does. Mr. Meade takes as his thesis the indisputable fact that it takes all sorts of white folks and all sorts of Southern Negroes to make the Southern world. But while all the details of this white and black world which he has drawn are the details of reality, the persons of his story who move within it never quite attain reality for the reader. His sweet and pretty, gentle and virtuous Mary Lou, who at the very moment of the death of her beloved Junie is subjected to the lust of the skinflint landlord's lecherous boy, seems from beginning to end, even in kitchen and tobacco factory, a chocolate-colored china doll. And the noble, intellectual Warner Carey is as a good white man unnecessarily less effectual than the less sensitive white men against whom he stands in the fight to give the Negroes of the town a T.B. sanatorium.

Mr. Meade seems to give his allegiance to old attitudes of *noblesse oblige* from gentleman to Negro. But, intentionally or not, his book is demonstration that sense of responsibility is not enough. His tragedy grows from Negro fear and white blindness. Both exist to prevent the best folk of both races from understanding each other. But as they are presented here they seem details of the technique of a romance rather than tragic flaws in the relations of two races. By means of a sentimental Negro love story the book moves in mild indignation to melodramatic tragedy. The result is too little fire to warm the book into life.

J. D.

NOTHING TO CHANCE. By Charles Plisnier. Reynal & Hitchcock. 1938. $2.50.

In the vanished Age of Innocence, "reading a French novel" was considered a rather risqué adventure. The French novelist was surrounded with the alluring aura of sexual sophistication; he was notoriously free from inhibitions. Nowadays the tables are turned. Since our own writers have cast off reticence and thrown decency to the dogs, the average French novelist seems by contrast a model of propriety. The fact is, we can now view French fiction in a truer perspective. It becomes clearly apparent that what characterizes French fiction is not so much unbridled license as an almost scientific objectivity in the discussion of sex.

Charles Plisnier's Goncourt Prize-winning novel of marriage is a masterly example of a conjugal chronicle which stops at nothing in the way of intimate detail, revealing the hidden frailties and secret humiliations of its characters, and which yet, by reason of its balanced lucidity, is never offensive. As a psychological study it is admirable; yet the author never forgets that he is telling a story, not conducting a laboratory experiment, and his narrative progresses through well-sustained suspense to a gripping climax.

The novel is primarily concerned with the married life of two young women, Fabienne Fraigneux and her cousin Marcelle Chardin. When Fabienne, in order to extricate herself from a humiliating position, decides to marry one of her father's salesmen, an ambitious upstart named Salembeau, she unleashes a conflict of wills in which her personal happiness is inextricably linked to the exterior social factors — wealth, power, prestige, family tradition—represented by the family business. When it comes to the final clash, she proves that she is a woman who will stop at nothing. Yet her victory is dearly bought.

Marcelle is of a different calibre. She sought in marriage an ideal human relationship which her whole being craved, and her story is one of progressively degrading disillusionment. As a foil to these two, we see, somewhat in the background, their elder cousin Christa, who is happily married, but who won her happiness at the cost of breaking with her family, having flouted their ideas of conventional morality. If there is any "moral" in the book, it is this: that social conventions and artificial values are largely responsible for the bitter emptiness and futility of certain human relationships.

However, this is not a moralistic nor a moralizing book. It might even be called unmoral, for it implies that crime, on occasion, pays. But leaving ethics aside, the novel stands on a consistently high level of achievement. Technically it is very smooth and efficient, and though rising to no great heights, it shows unusual skill in revealing both the inward and outward lives of its characters.

G. C.

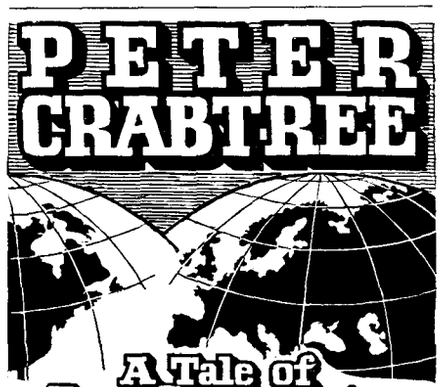
THE WRONG WORLD. By Louis Paul. Doubleday, Doran. 1938. $2.50.

Louis Paul tells the story of a boy who almost literally has music beaten into him. Ernest Morrow's mother, physically and mentally wounded by her loss in the San Francisco earthquake of everything that she values, is determined to create in her son a great musician. She succeeds so well that at seventeen he has a spectacularly successful debut in New York. But the cost is great. Ernest has paid with youth and love of life when his mother's death releases him. He puts by a promising career on the platform and sets out on a journey in search of his lost identity.

As he crosses the continent on the way home to San Francisco, he has some healing experiences. Chance leads him into vaudeville, where he finally frees himself from his distaste for the platform by burlesquing, in the grotesque wig of a pretentious virtuoso, the very talent that he hates in himself. A breakdown leads him back at last to the friendly protection of the odd, intellectual family that he had encountered first on his cross-country odyssey.

Despite the fact that he is keenly aware of social injustice and of all the world's repertory of sadistic torments, Mr. Paul's outlook upon the human drama is genial. He understands and forgives Margaret Morrow's warped ambition. The parade of vagrants whom Ernest encounters in his retreat from

(*Continued on next page*)



Peter hated war, and our entry into it. Yet he went. He, with other American soldiers, took part in the Archangel Adventure in North Russia and fought for months *after* the Armistice. The secret purpose was to obtain control of the Trans-Siberian Railroad. The greatest hush-hush war in history.

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COMMENTS:

Ida M. Tarbell: ". . . The following of Peter's mental and spiritual struggles through the period before we went into the war, while we were in it, and after the end thoroughly interests me . . . I am glad to have had the opportunity to read the book. . . ."

Homer Cummings, Attorney General, U. S.: "It is a story of absorbing interest and the theme has been handled admirably."

Llewellyn Jones, author and reviewer: "The author is no pacifist, but a student of the hidden causes of war. . . . An exciting piece of fiction."

Col. Frank O. Lowden, Governor of Illinois during the war: ". . . extremely interesting. A good story, told clearly and effectively."

Daniel C. Roper, Secretary of Commerce, U. S.: ". . . a real service in the data presented . . . enticing, informative, and impressive. . . . Something to reflect upon for the present and future."

The Illinois Bar Journal, Nov. 1938 closes a long review with: "It is to be hoped that this story will be as widely and intelligently read as it justly deserves."

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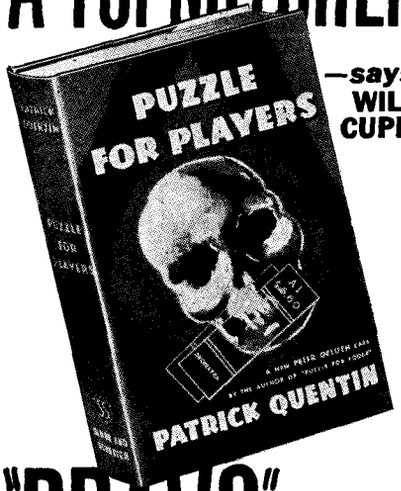
"A TOPNOTCHER"



—says WILL CUPPY

"BRAVO" —says the SATURDAY REVIEW

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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

glory leaves the impression that benevolence of the highest order exists among social misfits. A question remains in the reader's mind whether sitting by the side of the road and being a friend of man is really as ennobling as all that. The solution of Ernest's psychological difficulty is to the reader a little comfortless in that it leaves a man of extraordinary gifts in a completely negative situation.

But geniality has great attractions, especially when it seems spontaneous and sincere. Mr. Paul fills most of his pages with a warmth and a good humor that make his book irresistibly likable.

J. G.

CRUM ELBOW FOLKS. By P. R. Barnes. Lippincott. 1938. $2.

This little story about life in a Quaker community two or three generations ago is so very simple as almost to fall into the older juvenile class. The thread upon which it hangs is the love affair of a Quaker girl for whom the course of true love doesn't run at all smoothly what with two suitors, a brazen rival, a disapproving mother, and a bankrupt father. What real interest there is here lies in the careful picture Mr. Barnes has drawn of day-by-day life as it was lived in the past by the rural Quaker of New York State. Sara Delano Roosevelt has written an appreciative foreword.

L. A.

International

OUR BATTLE. By Hendrik Willem Van Loon. Simon & Schuster. 1938. $1.

After reading that a huge throng celebrating Columbus Day in New York had hissed the name of Fiorello LaGuardia and cheered that of Benito Mussolini, Dr. Van Loon sat down immediately to write a defense of democracy. His 140-page book, completed within a week, is a furious denunciation of National Socialism, subtitled "One Man's Answer to 'My Battle' by Adolf Hitler." It is a soapbox version of Thomas Mann's stately lecture on "The Coming Victory of Democracy," upholding with greater moral fervor and more vivid vocabulary the general thesis that a new barbarism is threatening Western civilization. "Our Battle" contains, in fact, about the most forceful expression which has yet appeared of the widespread conviction that no compromise is possible between the Nazi and American systems.

Dr. Van Loon adds to his righteous anger no new information concerning German affairs, but makes a very suggestive comparison between the careers of Hitler and Robespierre, both of whom he discovers rose to power because of an abnormal capacity to nourish a grudge. With Mussolini the author is more lenient, for he feels that Il Duce lacks the Puritanism or priggishness which underlies the fanaticism of Der Führer. Since Hitler has triumphed because his enemies —both domestic and foreign—constantly underestimated his abilities, the Nazi challenge to America cannot be disregarded. Although most readers will wish that Dr. Van Loon had devoted more attention to methods for fortifying our democracy, they will certainly agree with his conclusion: "We will never come to Berchtesgaden."

J. F. G.

Miscellaneous

GUIDE TO THE PHILOSOPHY OF MORALS AND POLITICS. By C. E. M. Joad. Random House. 1938. $2.50.

With this book Professor Joad of the University of London, another indefatigable Englishman, adds one more title to an already impressive list of contributions to philosophical, ethical, political, autobiographical, and miscellaneous fields. As a companion volume to an earlier "Guide to Philosophy," he here traces the origin, development, and interrelationship of ethical and political ideas from Plato and Aristotle to Hitler and Mussolini. A blend of great learning, skillful exposition, and graceful style produces a result which, to coin an unpolitical phrase, merits an award for conspicuous success.

The first six hundred of his more than eight hundred pages the author devotes to a detailed exposition and critical discussion of the vast number of ethical and political theories which have attained significance in the history of Western civilization. The problem of the organization of the material alone would dismay a less hardy scholar, but Professor Joad does an admirable job in retaining the virtues of both a topical and a chronological arrangement. The book naturally begins with the Greeks, for whom politics and ethics comprised two aspects of the same inquiry; continues through the multitude

(*Continued on page 22*)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DEATH UNDER THE MOONFLOWER *Todd Downing* (Crime Club: $2.)	Blood donors for dying boy murderously eliminated. Texas Sheriff Bounty at last spots eliminator.	Plethora of plot and extraneous incident retards action of yarn with basically interesting idea.	Gets by
JOHNNY COUNTERFEIT *Mary Yale Shapleigh* (Hopkins: $2.)	Penniless youth, fleeing police, finds sanctuary as masquerader for rich playboy, encounters much adventure.	Frothy mixture of romance, attempted murder, and other thrills in New York and Long Island society circles.	Time-passer

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

THE big Industrialists' Dinner at the Waldorf last week was practically a plug for the Book Trade. ☞Mr. Prentis, the cork manufacturer, quoted Thomas à Kempis, Lord Moulton (?), De Tocqueville, Henley, the Bible, and Katharine Lee Bates. ☞Mr. Anthony Eden quoted Macneile Dixon's *The Human Situation.* ☞The Columbia University Press says the first Book Fair in America was held in a coffee house in New York in 1802. "Nearly a half million copies of books were sold within five days." ☞With due respect, we doubt it. ☞The presiding bookman was one Hugh Gaine (Huge Gain?) and the originator of the idea was old Matthew Carey of Philadelphia. ☞P. W. reproaches the *S.R.L.* for not including *The Tale of the Land of Green Ginger* (which Old Q. does not know) in its Xmas Lists for children. ☞N. M., of the American Maize-Products Co., Roby, Indiana, says that Roby is the smallest post-office in the U. S.—We wonder if it's really smaller than the one at Craterclub, N. Y. (which is open only in summer). There was room in the Roby P. O. for Mr. Farley to step inside when he visited it. ☞E. A. R. Rumball-Petrie, 507 Fifth Avenue, the only bookseller dealing only in Rare Bibles, offers 100 original leaves from the 1611 King James Bible at $3 each, mailed flat and post free. ☞One of the pleasantest episodes of the season was the presence of Mr. A. Edward Newton, who had been dangerously ill, at Dr. Rosenbach's book-auction-dinner at the Plaza Hotel (benefit for German refugees). Mr. Newton at his own request auctioned the excessively rare First Issue of Pope's *Essay on Man* which brought $1700. A number of well-known writers and actors helped to sell very desirable collectors' items and bidding was generous. As Mitchell Kennerley said, "Auctions speak louder than words." ☞We were sorry to hear of the death of Hugh R. Dent, head of the famous London publishing house of J. M. Dent & Sons. Mr. Dent had been chairman of the firm since the death of his father in 1926. The business celebrated its 50th birthday this autumn, and Mr. Dent had hoped to live to see the famous Everyman's Library reach 1000 volumes. It is now within 50 of that number. A publisher of distinguished taste and ambition, Mr. Dent always showed the keenest interest in book design and in the details of presswork at the plant in Letchworth. ☞Wylie Tippit (San Benito, Texas) suggests autographed grapefruit for Xmas, "each fruit electrically branded with your salutation and signature." ☞An electric signature-brander for books would be a great help to neuritic authors. ☞Baker & Taylor (55 Fifth Avenue) have prepared a valuable illustrated booklet, *The Modern Bookshop and Rental Library* (25c) which can profitably be consulted by those ambitious to go into bookselling on their own. We are specially pleased to see the courageous and alert little business of Mr. Will Solle (Omena, Michigan) mentioned as an example of intelligent imagination. Will retired to the country after a breakdown in health, but he began to sell his own private library simply because selling and circulating books was his passion. He has now a mailing list of something like 2000 customers all over the world.

☞The Chicago *Daily News,* which we buy every now and then to keep au courant with all kinds of hot-cha-cha, says that really swish nightgowns are now 7 yards around (at the hem, we presume). This evidently suggests that G— W— T— W— is at last being filmed. ☞As an optimist, we take it for granted that the 50,000 or so readers of *Mathematics for the Million* all wrote to the publishers after spotting the technical mathematical misprints (to which James R. Newman refers in his admirable review in *Scripta Mathematica*). ☞The latter, incidentally, is one of our favorite magazines because its issue dated July gets around to subscribers in December; it completely disregards the idea of False Urgency which is the fetich of most publications. ☞The *For'n Gooty Fraw Choosa* contest, offered by the Univ. of Pennsylvania Press (*S. R. L.,* November 19) brought in (so reports Phelps Soule) 175 competitors. The problem was to translate a passage of Pennsylvania Dutch dialect, set by "Pumpernickle Bill," author of *Aus Pennsylfawnia.* The title, of course, meant *How To Choose a Good Wife.* ☞Although the competition necessarily was chiefly interesting to those familiar with this local lingo, the replies came from 27 states and Canada—"which certainly shows," says Mr. Soule, "that the *S. R. L.* has a wide geographical distribution." ☞Of the 10 winners, 6 were from Pennsylvania, 2 from Ohio, 1 from Florida and 1 from Massachusetts. Each of these obtained a complimentary copy of *Aus Pennsylfawnia,* which is an anthology of translations into Pennsydeutsch.

☞We see that a few copies of Henry Miller's *Villa Seurat* series have been creeping into the U. S. The first announcement of these books (*The Black Book* by Lawrence Durrell, *Max and the White Phagocytes* by Henry Miller, and *Chaotica* by Anaïs Nin) reached us last spring. Mr. Miller said then: "There is one book which every writer at some time in his life desires to write: the book which nobody understands and which no normal publisher wants to print. . . . The Villa Seurat is interested not in the merely unprintable book, but in the unwritable book, the demonological forecast of the century's trends." ☞The series is published by the Obelisk Press, 16 Place Vendôme, Paris. ☞We've been wondering what happened to a remarkable collection of letters and literary papers catalogued some time ago by The American Autograph Shop, Merion Station, Pa. These were the correspondence of the late Jahu Dewitt Miller, still remembered as a travelling lecturer and book collector and a zealous explorer down the back roads of literature. He used to be called the Bibliotaph (from his habit of burying books in caches all round the country—like Dracula with his earth-boxes). Leon H. Vincent wrote in 1912 *Dewitt Miller: A Biographical Sketch* which is pleasant rereading beside a winter fire. ☞We ourself ran across the trail of Dewitt Miller in an English country bookshop where he had been hunting relics of Fitzgerald. Miller had the energy of the bibliodisiac, and his correspondence would surely be interesting to some college library.

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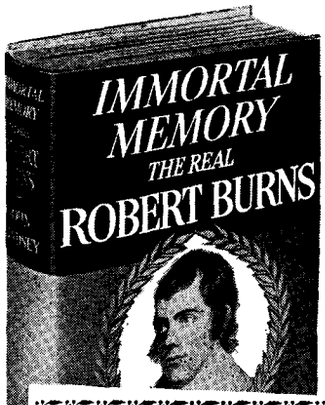

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The New Books

(*Continued from page 20*)

of moderns, including all of the important writers in either ethics or politics from the Renaissance to the twentieth century; and goes on, in the last two hundred pages, to a thorough examination of the ethical implications of fascism and communism, in both of which the questions of individual good and the good of the state become fused again. The conclusion constitutes a vigorous defense of the ethics of democracy—a defense based neither on passion nor prejudice though accompanied by a statement of personal predilection. Individuals, in the author's opinion, do not exist for the state, nor the state entirely for individuals. Democracy alone can establish the conditions under which both individuals and states find the maximum opportunity to pursue the highest moral good. To express so earnest a conviction without surrendering the criteria of objective scholarship must be regarded a masterful achievement, and one that can be highly recommended to anyone desirous of increasing his ethical and political knowledge. R. B.

INDIAN CAVALCADE. By Clark Wissler. Sheridan House. 1938. $3.

Dr. Wissler is one of the two or three foremost living scientific authorities on the American Indian. Out of many years of travel on Indian reservations in times which, although recent, are already the old days, he has now distilled a pleasant book of informal reminiscences and human, humorous observations. "Indian Cavalcade" contains many of the colorful things which are so unfortunately suppressed in the scientist's formal report of his work, and some remarkable pictures of the former state of our Indian Service. O. LaF.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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Double-Crostics: No. 247

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

1-W		2-E	3-M	4-Q	5-F	6-B		7-N	8-D	9-W		10-R	11-X		12-N	13-P	14-J	
15-G	16-B	17-I		18-I	19-H	20-L		21-B	22-S	23-W	24-D	25-R	26-I	27-X		28-V	29-K	
30-R	31-T	32-X	33-P	34-L	35-J		36-R	37-H	38-L	39-C		40-J	41-T	42-M	43-Q	44-S	45-K	
46-H	47-B		48-T	49-G	50-N	51-S	52-X	53-C		54-F	55-A		56-Q	57-U	58-K	59-P	60-A	
	61-Y	62-L		63-W	64-C	65-P	66-Y		67-T	68-U	69-X	70-Q	71-G	72-J	73-B	74-N		
75-D	76-H		77-K	78-F	79-R	80-I	81-C		82-A	83-Y		84-B	85-H	86-P	87-I		88-M	
89-S	90-A	91-Q	92-U	93-J		94-F	95-H	96-L		97-V	98-N	99-Q	100-F		101-G	102-A	103-S	
104-Y		105-K	106-F	107-X	108-V	109-E	110-A		111-A	112-Y		113-E	114-I	115-H	116-K	117-C		
118-N	119-M	120-Q	121-V	122-J	123-K	124-E	125-W	126-U		127-O	128-N	129-D	130-T	131-C	132-V		133-V	
134-K	135-I	136-G	137-E	138-B	139-J	140-A	141-P		142-I	143-P	144-N	145-F	146-Q	147-O		148-P	149-R	
150-I	151-N	152-E	153-Y		154-L	155-G		156-A	157-C		158-W	159-L		160-H	161-Y	162-C		
163-D	164-I		165-T	166-W		167-J	168-E	169-M	170-T	171-P	172-O	173-Q	174-U	175-K	176-F		177-J	
178-Y	179-R		180-F	181-Q		182-C		183-A	184-M	185-G	186-D	187-Y	188-L					

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 17 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Pedantic assertiveness.

B. English poet (1593-1633).

C. Ash tree symbol of the Universe (Norse).

D. Low broad hill (Southwestern U. S.).

E. Coming dimly into magnified outline.

F. Unjustly discriminating.

G. The first Christian martyr.

H. Famous portrait by Da Vinci.

I. Mystical attendants of Cybele.

J. Benvenuto Cellini's vocation.

K. Investigative.

L. Having small knots or knobs.

M. Delineated.

N. Tending to avoid by artifice.

O. To deviate from her course (ship).

P. Implicating.

Q. Disguise to deceive.

R. State of allness.

S. Unusual.

T. Confronted.

U. A punctuation mark.

V. Unseemly frivolity.

W. English Prime Minister (1908-1916).

X. Formerly Turkish town of Izmir.

Y. Covered with densely matted hair.

WORDS

183 90 140 60 156 102 82 111 110 55

84 73 138 21 6 16 47

157 117 81 162 39 64 53 182 131

129 8 163 75 24 186

2 137 168 109 124 152 113

94 100 5 54 145 180 78 106 176

49 136 185 71 101 15 155

76 37 19 160 95 115 46 85

135 114 26 164 142 18 80 150 87 17

35 122 72 14 93 167 139 177 40

134 29 105 175 45 123 58 116 77

34 154 20 38 96 62 159 188

184 119 88 169 3 42

12 98 50 74 128 118 151 144 7

147 172 127

33 59 65 143 13 86 148 141 171

120 4 173 43 70 181 146 91 56 99

179 10 149 25 79 30 36

44 89 103 22 51

170 48 165 31 67 41 130

68 57 92 174 126

108 97 133 28 121 132

125 166 158 9 1 23 63

27 52 11 69 32 107

61 178 112 104 161 153 83 187 66

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